

*The Australian*

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**Seaside Holiday**



# Put the bottle on the table

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OTHER VARIETIES . . . BAKED BEANS . SOUPS  
COOKED SPAGHETTI . BEEFSTEAK SAUCE . ETC.



# Tell me that you love me

By THOMAS BELL

PHIL had been married to Nancy a little over a year when he came to the conclusion that women put entirely too much stock in love and romance.

Apparently it wasn't enough that a man works every day, never takes any time off, and never gets drunk. He also had to be a fountain of romantic sentiment, gushing at frequent intervals.

Phil couldn't gush, and said so. "I don't want you so much," Nancy replied, dusting a petting lamp. "All my life I've kind of loved you, and then, after getting you to say something else, I like getting you."

Phil grunted, as much in reply as from the strain of lifting the radio over the edge of the carpet so Nancy could vacuum behind it.

It was Saturday afternoon and they were house-cleaning their still very new three-room apartment. Phil worked until one, so they did it in the afternoon when he could help. Nancy had Saturdays off and usually devoted the mornings to week-end shopping and washing clothes.

"Phil, you still love me, don't you?" "Certainly."

"Then why don't you say so occasionally?" "It seems to me I do more than just say it. Do I ever miss a day's work? Don't I give you my whole pay? Do I ever get drunk or run after other women?"

Nancy sighed and crawled under the table.

"You ought to be married to some husband I know," Phil continued in tones of righteous reproof.

"I know. You're so wonderful." Complacently: "I've seen worse."

Nancy sniffed. "I suppose you'd like me to talk like a film star and kiss your hand every time I see you," Phil said. "Why you women put so much stock in just words is something I'll never understand."

Nancy came out from under the table and sat back on her heels. She looked, Phil thought, utterly charming and absurdly young. Characteristically, it didn't occur to him to tell her so.

"Would it be just words if you said you loved me and paid me a compliment now and then?" she demanded.

"No, but—"

"You think that I keep myself looking nice, don't you? You appreciate the way I plan the meals and darn your socks and stick to our budget, don't you?"

"Of course, but—"

"Then for heaven's sake why not tell me so? I don't want you to be making up pretty speeches that don't mean anything. Just tell me how you really feel about me once in a while."

"That you know wife I feel about you. Just because I don't say so every ten minutes doesn't mean I've stopped loving you. I don't change so easily." Nancy gave him an enigmatic look. "I've found that out." She got to her feet.

"You tell me when I think part of the trouble is," he said. "Movies and so—stories and even soap advertisements. I fill a girl so full of the idea that the most important thing in the world is love and romance that when she gets married she expects it to be one long love scene. And when she finds out it isn't, she starts feeling sorry for herself."

"I don't feel sorry for myself. I simply get hungry for a little appreciation now and then."

"What gives you the idea you're not being appreciated?"

"What's the nearest thing to a compliment I ever get round here?" she retorted. "I'll tell you. I know it by heart." Striking a pose, she lifted bored eyebrows and imitated Phil's drawl to perfection: "Not bad. That's all I ever get."

Phil chuckled, then leaving Nancy to vacuum, he went to clean the bathroom and kitchen. Being instinctively a good workman, and quite as proud of their home as Nancy, he did a thorough job; and being a thoughtful young man, he wondered if Nancy's occasional dissatisfactions might not be based on something more substantial than normal feminine perversity.

She wasn't the kind who talked just to make a noise. Girls were notable for getting queer ideas, but Nancy wasn't like most girls. She was so unlike most girls, in fact, that he'd married her.

They finished about the same time, Phil wiping off the sink as Nancy was putting the cleaner away in the broom cupboard. She came into the kitchen and dropped on to a chair.

Phil got a bottle of ginger ale out of the refrigerator. "Want some?" "Just a mouthful. What I really want is a bath. I feel so sticky I don't like myself."

Phil poured. "This is the part of cleaning house I like best."

Nancy gazed over the edge of her glass at the spotless kitchen. "It does look nice when it's all cleaned up, doesn't it?"

"M-m-m."

"You're so good about helping me, too, after working at the bank all week."

"You work all the week, too, don't you?"

Please turn to page 4

*"You can be so nice when you want to be," Nancy whispered softly.*





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GIL

FOR ME THAT YOU

**N**ANCY said pleasantly: "But most men would leave it all to their wives, or get indignant and say it was women's work."

"It's just as much my home as yours. I like to see it looking good, too."

"I know, but most men don't look at it that way."

"I don't say there might not have been a time when I'd have hated to be caught doing something like this. But as I told Richie—Richie was Nancy's brother—I've got better ways of showing I'm a man than by letting my wife mop the floors."

"Richie has no sense." She rose. "I'm going to have a bath."

Over their evening meal Phil said, "Tell me something, Mrs. Pane. Why do girls want to be getting compliments all the time?"

Nancy's eyes flickered. "Don't start that again, Phil."

"But I'm serious. You're always complaining, and I'd like to find out what's at the bottom of it." He bit noisily at a radish. "Now you take men. You don't hear men going round moaning because—"

Nancy had stopped eating and was staring at him. "Phil, you're not really so dense."

"Don't change the subject."

"A long time ago, before we were married, you said you thought there was a lot more fun in being married than most people seemed to get out of it, and you intended to have it, but it wasn't something that would happen by itself. You said we'd have to work at it and use our heads."

He nodded. "That's right."

"Well?"

"And that's exactly what I'm trying to do. But I don't get any co-operation."

Nancy sighed hopelessly and resumed eating. "All right. Talk about something else, please! Or don't talk at all. I can't stand you when you get like this."

Belligerently: "Like what?"

Silence.

Phil glared at Nancy, then caught himself up short. After a moment he said conciliatingly, "Okay, Mrs. Pane. Forget it." He patted her arm. "No hard feelings?"

She looked up and smiled. "No hard feelings."

But he brooded about it, about Nancy and himself, trying to think it through.

He knew, though he might not admit it to her, that Nancy had some reason to complain.

But it had always been hard for him to show or express affection. His childhood hadn't encouraged such displays. You were given to understand very early in life that it wasn't manly—or safe—to show your feelings. Your real he-man was the strong, silent type who considered girls excessively silly creatures and was convinced that they secretly adored rough-hewn cavemen. Nancy had already taught him that girls didn't.

All of which explained—if it did—without excusing.

They were going to the pictures, and after tea Nancy went to put finishing touches to her make-up.

Listen to her in there, he thought. She was humming to herself.



"Think what a boon that driveway will be when you come out some morning and your battery is dead!"

## Love Me

Continued from page 3

You'd think she was going to some splendid high-society affair instead of just to the pictures.

He sat up suddenly. She was always telling him he was wonderful. He couldn't put on a new necktie or do an odd job round the place without being praised for his remarkable superiority to the general run of husbands. He'd heard it so often that he'd even begun to think that he was something rather special in that line himself.

But when Nancy complained that he never gave her a word of appreciation he told her that she was being feminine and silly.

"I'm a fool, he thought."

Nancy came into the living-room, skirt swirling. "I'm ready."

Phil rose.

Nancy straightened his tie. "I love you in this suit," she said. "You always look so well in light colors."

There she goes again, he reflected, looking down at her.

She was wearing a white dress scattered with flowers, and she'd put another flower in her hair, which was dropped in soft, shining waves to her shoulders.

He swallowed. "You're awful pretty."

Her lashes flew up. "Why, Phil?"

## S

UDDENLY I caught her hand. "Let's dance. The radio was playing a waltz. It moved together over the carpet."

"Listen, sweetheart," he began, a stopped. Then he tried again. "Look Nancy. Never get the idea that don't think the world of you."

"I know you do. I don't mean to nag."

"A little nagging won't do a harm. I've got a lot to learn."

"Only you can be so nice when you want to be. And if you only realised how it makes me feel."

He kissed her. "I do love you, sweetheart," he murmured. "But you're the only girl I've ever loved so much, and I don't know always how to act or what to say."

"Just tell me that you love me."

His arm tightened round her.

"You think I take you too much for granted. You couldn't be more wrong. I always know when you're about. I'm always noticing something about you, the way you look, the things you say. Even when I'm away from you, just thinking about you, knowing I'll be seeing you soon, is like a song inside me."

Nancy looked up, her eyes shining. Phil smiled at her crookedly.

"So you see, Mrs. Pane, it's not that I don't feel things like that about you. I've just never learned to say them. But from now on I'll try and remember not to keep them to myself. From now on I'm a reformed character."

"You can be so nice when you want to be," Nancy whispered.

He kissed her again, and then they realised the music had stopped and that someone was talking about headache pills.

Nancy was a bit breathless. "I must look a mess," she said. "And you're all over lipstick. Give me your handkerchief."

She made him presentable, then examined herself in the mirror, repaired damages visible only to her all-seeing eye.

"There, that's better!"

"Let's get going, then. I don't want to have to queue up." He snapped off the radio.

"How do I look?"

"Not bad." And patted her shoulder.

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war bride and  
her American  
"in-laws."**



*Listening to the bells, Monica felt the first stirring of kinship with these people.*

## MY HEART'S AT HOME

**F**IVE months after Hal Jackson's plane had been shot down in the Pacific, Monica had come from Australia with small Roddy. She kept counting and recounting the months she had lived in the States with the Jacksons. It was a year now.

The prosperous Pennsylvania farm had been lush with summer, it had been serene with autumn, and winter-bound. Spring again then, and all the seasons upsidedown in a way to turn and turn homesickness in a heart.

Her aunt and uncle in Brisbane had thought it best that she come. There had been a note of pleading in the Jacksons' letters.

Now it was hot, fragrant summer again in Pennsylvania. It was the Fourth of July, and that meant something to the Jacksons, though Monica wasn't quite sure what it was.

Working in the big summer kitchen, she had to lift a corner of her apron and touch her upper lip with it. The apron was fresh and pink and becoming. It made her skin glow and her eyes look very blue.

Not that she ever felt especially attractive when Hal's sisters were home, and they were home now. Smart, poised, and sophisticated, they came nearly every holiday, Jane from Washington and Marianna and her young husband from the western part of this same State.

Mrs. Jackson had thought the strawberries would keep over the holiday, but Monica had offered to do them between the two breakfasts. She was hurrying, but she was being careful about everything, too. She had learned all of her mother-in-law's ways of doing things.

She'd learned to prepare all the strange foods the family liked. Roddy—her thoughts came up to it sadly at times—wouldn't know any other foods or living ways. He wouldn't know any of the ways of home. "In Pennsylvania we..." Hal's mother began many of her sen-

tences that way, with affectionate pride. One could learn the outer ways of living in the States, but there was no way of belonging.

Monica was pouring paraffin on the last jar of preserves when her mother-in-law came in with fresh berries for the second breakfast. Roddy in a brief sunsuit tagged at her heels.

"I just don't know what I did before you came, Monica," Mrs. Jackson smiled appreciatively at the sparkling glasses.

"When I came—I surely was a dumb bunny then," Monica said it hesitantly, then closed her lips tightly. She went on trying to sound like Jane and Marianna, and not succeeding. Back at home, in Brisbane, her tongue had raced sure and free. Back at home in Brisbane

There was no way of dealing with this longing to be on the other side of the world. One just stiffened and bore it. Most days it crept in, but on holidays and when the girls were home it rushed. She picked Roddy

was lost in the strange ways and in the very look of the valley. He was lost in the holiday rituals, and when his sisters were home he seemed completely gone.

If the older Jacksons had talked about their son, if they had made their part of him Monica's, too... But it was as though they were unable to say his name. The girls... It was impossible to see, after a year, that the Jackson girls remembered their brother at all.

"It's the first Fourth for Roddy," Mrs. Jackson was saying pleasantly. "Last year he was too little to go picknicking. He'll love the parade, too."

The Fourth. They call it simply that. It was stupid of her to have forgotten what it meant. It was just a day that stretched endlessly ahead for Monica, a day filled with heat and crowds of strangers, and with the only half-intelligible talk of the Jackson young people.

There'd be the picnic, the parade in nearby Normanville.

Then the memorial service, and

before. Berries on the table in a blue bowl now. Jane and Marianna liked to dip them in sugar.

Roddy was shrieking gleefully upstairs. He had found the visiting firemen, as they called themselves.

Monica ought to change her face. It was a face which twisted a little, wryly and helplessly, at finding one more expression of the girls on her lips. She went into the first-floor bathroom. She lined up cosmetics from the kit that had been a gift from Marianna.

The face that met hers in the mirror looked fresh and young and dewy with heat. It looked vulnerable, too, but she'd cover that. She'd paint a smile on and keep it there, and sometime this day would end. Her fingers moved nervously. Her mouth kept tightening, but that was a way of holding it steady. Smart and smooth were the words the girls used most.

"My face is smooth enough," The thought came stormily, unbidden. "Oh, if they just had not come. If they just—would not..."

The girls didn't care about Hal. They didn't care about anything, just filled the house with their chatter and laughter. They'd be down in playclothes, their legs bare, the nonsensical words of new song hits on their lips.

Tears had spoiled Monica's makeup, and she washed it hurriedly away. None of it mattered. She could never be like Jane and Marianna and would not if she could. Her hair fell smooth and shining, and her speech was different. Her heart was different. Her home had been different. She looked the way Aunt Grace had liked her to look.

There was nothing to hold to in this strange country. There was no way of knowing the sort of people who...

The Jacksons had been good. Desperately Monica tried to steady herself with that thought. The money which Mr. Jackson gave her each week and called spending money was more than enough for all her needs.

Mr. Jackson had said that Hal's insurance money should not be touched. It was all in the bank. It was in bonds, and the bonds were hers. They were in a box with a key. The key was hers. Her hands were clasped tight.

**By BROOKE HANLON**

up to wash his hands, and the small body warm in her arms helped a little.

"Fourth - July, Fourth - July," Roddy chanted, splashing water happily.

She set him down and he lurched off. Two years old. The sturdy legs were starting on a long trip, the one to being an American. Monica watched him, her lashes down to hide the shadow in her eyes.

In Pennsylvania we... she thought soberly. We send the boys to a good preparatory school, and to the University. Mercersburg, Cornell. The names were on pennants in Hal's room, and Monica could close her eyes and see every letter of them, but without any feeling of having them belong to her.

"You have us a good Yank," Hal had said. He had been a boy with a lot of teasing in his loving, a boy with a laughing way of making everything right. Her memories of him were fading and fading, though.

There had been a short marriage. It was here in the States, wasn't it, that she had finally lost Hal? He

the dedication of a war memorial on which the names of the boys who had died in action were inscribed. Her mind followed it, step by step, painful step.

But keep moving. Keep busy. It was more than ever necessary on days like this one. The three young guests would be coming down for breakfast.

"I'm glad Jane had a good sleep," Mrs. Jackson said. "She got in late and Galen Richards met her. That's young Dr. Richards, you know. He's back from the Navy. It has always been Jane and Galen, and now..." She laughed a little.

It was easy to see what Mrs. Jackson's hope was. An engagement and a wedding, Monica thought. A wedding would be worse than any holiday.

"It's lovely," She found halting words.

"Yes, Galen will be with us today. It's an old Fourth of July custom."

Another one that Monica didn't know. One more of the things that had been going on forever. But her hands moved as steadily as

Please turn to page 10





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## He was a gay masquerader, but not in affairs of the heart.

SO here he was driving a Number 20 bus across town. It was different from piloting a bomber, but the doctor had said it was good for him, that he had plenty of time to become the nation's foremost advertising executive, and that Jim should take a job for a few months that kept him outside so he could get smoothed off inside.

It was quite a lot of fun, after a while—the bus run. After the first week he didn't get so tired, and a few times he even took in an extra rush-hour run for which he was paid time and a half.

The money didn't matter much to Jim, because his advertising firm, Carson and Blakesley, was keeping him on at half pay, which was fairly considerable, but it was good to know he could put in extra hours without suffering any ill-effects.

That was the important thing. That was the present Jim was supposed to get from driving the Number 20 bus across town.

Jim also got another present, that wasn't on the books. He got it at 3.10 on a nice, sunny day, and this present was Lois Wingate. She boarded the bus, and sat down on the side seat near the driver.

Of course he didn't know her name was Lois then. She had big brown eyes and a smoothly curved mouth. Jim kept looking at her with side glances. She rode to within a block of the terminus, and was the last one on the bus.

As she went to get out, Jim said politely, "Mind the step!"

She looked around quickly, as though she were surprised and a little frightened. Then her foot slipped off the top step. She made a grab at the handrail and missed, then with a little scream she was down on the ground.

Naturally Jim was immediately at her side. He had the goodwill of the bus company to protect.

"Oh, I say," he said, "that was a bad spill."

"Yes," she said. "Help me up, will you? Don't stand there staring like a big ape."

Jim, who was big but by no means an ape, put his hands under her arms and lifted her to her feet. She rested in his hands for a moment, which was quite pleasant, and then put her weight on her legs, gave a moan and clutched at Jim.

"What's the matter?" Jim said.

"It's my ankle," Lois said. "I'm afraid it's sprained."

"Or maybe broken," Jim said helpfully. "Where do you live?"

"In the next block," Lois said.

"I'll carry you there," Jim said, holding her a little tighter, so she wouldn't slip.

"Don't be silly," Lois said. "You can't carry me a block."

"Why not?" Jim asked.

"What about your bus, for one thing?"

"No one steals buses. Besides, this is practically the end of the run. Here, rest on me."

Lois looked at him carefully, her eyes appraising, then said, "All right. Only you'll have to carry me up two flights of stairs when we get there."

Jim lifted her, feeling only the slightest twinge in his side, where the hunk of flak had got him, and began walking with her.

Eventually he carried her safely up the two flights of stairs, opened the door she pointed out and carried her in. It was a bed-sitting room with kitchenette, and looked as though it had been rented furnished. Jim put Lois on a couch.

"Do you want me to call a doctor?" he asked.

"Goodness, no. It feels better already. I'll soak it in hot water and it'll be all right. Thank you very much."

"I have to have your name," Jim said, taking out his little book, "so I can make a report to the company."

"It's Lois Wingate."

Jim wrote it down, together with her address and telephone number. She frowned. "What do you have to have that for?"

"Company regulations," Jim said, snapping the book shut and putting it in his pocket. "Are you sure you don't want me to do anything more for you? Can I run the hot water and help you—"

"No, you can't," Lois said tartly. "Thank you very much. Good-bye."

"My name is Jim McCready," Jim said.

"Good-bye, Mr. McCready."

"Good-bye," he said. "I hope your ankle gets better soon."

"Thank you," Lois said.

She sat there staring at him, and there wasn't anything for him to do but go.

TWO nights later Lois' telephone rang.

"Hello," Jim said. "This is the Cross-town Bus Corporation. I am calling, Miss Wingate, to inquire about an injury reportedly sustained by you in the course of alighting from a Number 20 bus."

"You don't say," Lois said.

"May I ask how the injury is doing now?"

"It's doing splendidly," Lois said. "Good-bye."

"Just a moment, Miss Wingate. We feel that we are partly responsible for the injury, and we would like to have one of our men call on you to ascertain its exact condition. Would eight-thirty this evening be a convenient time?"

"No, it wouldn't. I'm going out."

"Eight-thirty to-morrow evening?"

A pause. Quite a long pause.

Then: "All right."

The next evening was mild and pleasant, so at Lois' suggestion she and Jim went for a stroll. Lois wasn't limping, so Jim concluded that there was no need to inquire further about her reported injury. Instead, he inquired about Lois Wingate.

She told him she did secretarial work for a man who was making a study of certain electrical phenomena for the Government. It was very interesting work, Lois said, and she learned a lot about electricity that she never knew before, besides having many of her afternoons free.

"That's how I happened to be going home at three o'clock in the afternoon," she said.

After that, Lois asked Jim about himself. He told her that he had been in the war, and that he'd been potted in the ribs, but he didn't tell her about the doctor ordering him to stay away from office work for a while, nor about Carson and Blakesley keeping him on half-salary, because that would require a lot of unnecessary explanation.

But he did say he had a couple of jobs before getting the one with

the bus company, which was a fact, for he'd tried several before he found out driving a bus was what he needed.

"What was the job you had just before this one?" Lois asked.

"Repairing radios."

"Where were you working?"

Her eyebrows shot up when he enumerated some of the districts he had worked.

"Really? A lot of rich people out in these parts, aren't there? Big houses, estates, all that sort of thing."

"Yes," Jim said. "Let's turn down this side street. It's quieter."

"Did you meet any of the people in the houses?" Lois asked, resolutely steering him along the street with the lights on.

"You mean socially? Hardly. I was below stairs—well below. You know, you've got such a pretty smile Lois. Incidentally, what about some supper somewhere..."

That was the start of it. During the next month Jim called Lois on an average of once every two days. Sometimes the average was a little better, making it twice in one day. About half the times he called her

## By ROGER GARIS

she consented to go out with him.

For the first few times they went to the pictures, or to concerts, or for a walk, but then Jim decided to spread a little, so he took her to dinner at one of the big restaurants, and to the theatre. After that he took her to various fashionable nightclubs.

In the beginning Lois protested that he shouldn't be spending all his money on her, but he waved a hand and said to think nothing of it, that he was really independently wealthy, and that he was driving a bus for a lark. She didn't protest any more, but she was very curious, and Jim had it in his mind to tell her about Carson and Blakesley.

But she thinks I'm a bus driver and she likes me being a bus driver, he thought to himself, so I'll go on being a bus driver, at least until it comes time to spill it. He had, even then, an idea that that time might not be too far distant.

So whenever she asked about sources of his income, he told her different things, his favorite being that he was really a Raffles, a professional bus driver by day, and by night an elegantly garbed thief who roamed the nightclub district in impeccable evening dress, robbing fat matrons of their jewels.

"Even if you were, I wouldn't care," Lois said defiantly. "I like adventurous men. And taking things



"Why, Jim," Lois said doubtfully, "I don't know what to say—this is very unexpected!"

from rich people isn't really stealing."

"Oh, it isn't?" Jim exclaimed.

"No, it isn't. It's just spreading the wealth. I'd as soon marry a thief—I mean a kind, generous thief who only stole from the rich—as any man."

"Hey, let's get out of here," Jim said, swallowing hard.

As the days went on, Jim became aware that the time for action was drawing nearer and nearer. He had never felt this way about any girl in his life before. It was, at last, the real thing.

He went to see his doctor, and the doctor gave him a thorough-going, hundred per cent, examination.

"You're all right," he said at the end of it. "You'll have a little trouble with your side in rainy weather, but nothing serious. So if you want to go back to your regular work you may."

That, Jim said, wasn't exactly the kind of change he was contemplating, but it was nice to know that he could do that too. The doctor looked at him hard, and then he laughed, and said all right, boy, all right.

It happened that Lois was away just then. She had a few days off to make up for overtime work, and had gone to visit her people, so Jim had plenty of time to think of what he was going to say to her.

He discovered, however, that time wasn't what he needed at all. Now that the briefing was all over and the mission had been decided upon, he found that he was far more nervous than he had ever been on any combat mission. Suppose Lois thought of him only as a friend? Suppose she was in love with someone else?

Fifty times Jim rehearsed his speech, and fifty times he changed it, until it was a complete jumble. Finally, the night before Lois was due to return, he made up his mind that the only way to do it was to do it, and not plan at all. After that he felt better. Just let it come out naturally, whenever and wherever it wanted to, and that would be that.

He decided to telephone Lois and ask her to go to dinner with him, but then he didn't get the chance. He was on the 2.10 run, when she suddenly got aboard.

"Hello, Jim," Lois said, and took the seat behind him. "How are you?"

"Splendid, Lois," Jim said. "How are you? Did you have a nice trip?"

"A lovely trip," Lois said. "But it's good to be back again."

"Is it?" Jim said, and his right front wheel grazed a parked baker's truck.

"I'm glad you're back, too," Jim said. "There is something I—"

He had a wild minute there when he thought it was coming out right on the bus, with all those people round, but fortunately he had to stop for a crowd, and by the time they were all aboard a Chinaman with whiskers was hanging on to the seat between Jim and Lois. It was difficult to talk under such circumstances, so Jim concentrated on his driving. He knew Lois would ride to within a block of the terminus anyhow, and by that time most of the people would be off.

Most of them got off quite a few blocks before that, as a matter of fact, until there were only three other people left in the bus—an elderly man and two women. They were sitting near the back. Lois moved closer to Jim.

"Did you miss me?" she asked him.

"Did I?" He gulped. "Lois, I've got to tell you something," he said, speaking fast. "I'm crazy about you. I can't stop thinking about you. This is a terrible time to say it. I can't help that, either. Listen, Lois. Will you marry me?"

JIM heard her gasp, and turned round quickly to look at her.

"Why, Jim," Lois said, a tone of doubt in her voice, "I don't know what to say—this is very unexpected! Jim—be careful!" A child on a scooter was starting out from the kerb. Jim swung in time.

"I know it's unexpected—only I've been thinking about it for a long time. I've been trying to think out how to say it—and where to say it—and I couldn't—and I'm sorry if it disturbed you, coming like this..."

"Jim, it didn't disturb me," Lois said softly. "But we really know so little about each other—for instance, you drive a bus, but you don't seem like a bus driver—not at all! You seem to have much more money than a bus driver, for one thing—"

"Oh, that," Jim said. "I can explain that. You see—"

"Pardon me, young man, but I pulled the cord three times," one of the women from the back of the bus said loudly. "I want to get off."

Please turn to page 30



**Q**UITE obviously Mr. Morley was not in the best of tempers at breakfast. He complained of the bacon, wondered why the coffee had to have the appearance of liquid mud, and remarked that breakfast cereals were each one worse than the last.

Mr. Morley was a small man with a decided jaw and a pugnacious chin. His sister, who kept house for him, was a large woman rather like a female grenadier.

She eyed her brother thoughtfully and asked whether the bath water had been cold again.

Rather grudgingly, Mr. Morley said it had not.

He glanced at the paper and remarked that the Government seemed to be passing from a state of incompetence to one of positive imbecility.

Miss Morley said in a deep bass voice that it was disgraceful.

As a mere woman she had always found whatever Government happened to be in power distinctly useful. She urged her brother on to explain exactly why the Government's present policy was inconclusive, idiotic, imbecile, and frankly suicidal.

When Mr. Morley had expressed himself fully on these points, he had a second cup of the despised coffee and unburdened himself of his true grievance.

"These girls," he said, "are all the same! Unreliable, self-centred—not to be depended on in any way."

Miss Morley said interrogatively: "Gladys?"

"I've just had the message. Her aunt's had a stroke and she's had to go down to Somerset."

Miss Morley said: "Very trying, dear, but after all, hardly the girl's fault."

Mr. Morley shook his head gloomily.

"How do I know the aunt has had a stroke? How do I know the whole thing hasn't been arranged between the girl and that very unsuitable young fellow she goes about with? That young man is a wrong 'un if I ever saw one! They've probably planned some outing together for to-day."

"Oh, no, dear, I don't think Gladys would do a thing like that. You know, you've always found her very conscientious."

"Yes, yes."

"An intelligent girl and really keen on her work, you said."

"Yes, yes, Georgina, but that was before this undesirable young man came along. She's been quite different lately—quite different—absent-minded—upset—nervy."

The grenadier produced a deep sigh. She said: "After all, Henry, girls do fall in love. It can't be helped."

Mr. Morley snapped: "She oughtn't to let it affect her efficiency as my secretary. And to-day, in particular, I'm extremely busy! Several very important patients. It is most trying!"

"I'm sure it must be extremely vexing, Henry. How is this new boy shaping, by the way?"

Henry Morley sighed gloomily.

"He's the worst I've had yet! Can't get a single name right and has the most uncouth manners. If he doesn't improve I shall sack him and try again. I don't know what's the good of our education nowadays. It seems to turn out a collection of fools who can't understand a single thing you say to them, let alone remember it."

He glanced at his watch.

"I must be getting along. A full morning, and that Sainsbury Seale

## EXCITING MURDER MYSTERY SERIAL

### Famous detective Hercule Poirot takes up a startling challenge

woman to fit in somewhere, as she is in pain. I suggested that she should see Reilly, but she wouldn't hear of it."

"Of course not," said Georgina loyally.

"Reilly's very able—very able indeed. Thoroughly up to date in his work."

"His hand shakes," said Miss Morley. "In my opinion he drinks."

Her brother laughed, his good temper restored. He said: "I'll be up for a sandwich at half-past one as usual."

At the Savoy Hotel Mr. Amberlotis was grinning to himself as he finished his breakfast.

Everything was going very nicely.

He had had his usual luck. Fancy those few kind words of his to that idiotic hen of a woman being so richly repaid.

Oh, well—cast your bread upon the waters. He had always been a kind-hearted man. And generous. In the future he would be able to be even more generous. Benevolent visions floated before his eyes. Little Dimitri . . . And the good Constantinopolis struggling with his little restaurant . . . What pleasant surprises for them . . .

Suddenly, crumpling a piece of toast unguardedly, Mr. Amberlotis winced. Rosy visions of the future faded and gave way to apprehensions of the immediate future. He explored tenderly with his tongue. He took out his notebook. Twelve o'clock. Number 58 Queen Charlotte Street.

He tried to recapture his former exultant mood. But in vain. The horizon had shrunk to six bare words:

"Number 58 Queen Charlotte Street. Twelve o'clock."

At the Glengowrie Court Hotel, South Kensington, breakfast was over. In the lounge Miss Sainsbury Seale was sitting talking to Mrs. Bolitho.

They occupied adjacent tables in the dining-room and had made friends the day after Miss Sainsbury Seale's arrival a week ago.

Miss Sainsbury Seale said: "You know, dear, it really has stopped aching! Not a twinge! I think perhaps I'll ring up—"

Mrs. Bolitho interrupted her.

"Now don't be foolish, my dear. You go to the dentist and get it over."

Mrs. Bolitho was a tall, commanding female with a deep voice. Miss Sainsbury Seale was a woman of forty-odd with indecisively bleached hair rolled up in untidy curls. Her clothes were what she considered artistic, and her pince-nez were always dropping off. She was a great talker.

She said now wistfully: "But really, you know, it doesn't ache at all."

"Nonsense, you told me you hardly slept a wink last night."

"No, I didn't—no, indeed—but perhaps, now, the nerve has actually died."

"All the more reason to go to the dentist," said Mrs. Bolitho firmly. "We all like to put it off, but that's just cowardice. Better make up one's mind and get it over!"

Something hovered on Miss Sainsbury Seale's lips. Was it the rebellious murmur of: "Yes, but it's not your tooth!"

All she actually said, however, was: "I expect you are right. And Mr. Morley is such a careful man and really never hurts one at all."

The meeting of the Board of Directors was over. It had passed off smoothly. The report was good. There should have been no discordant note. Yet to the sensitive Mr. Samuel Rotherstein there had been something, some nuance in the chairman's manner.

There had been, once or twice, a shortness, an acerbity, in his tone—quite uncalled for by the proceedings.

Some secret worry, perhaps? But somehow Rotherstein could not con-

nect a secret worry with Alistair Blunt. He was such an unemotional man. He was so very normal. So essentially British.

There was, of course, always liver . . . Mr. Rotherstein's liver gave him a bit of trouble from time to time. But he'd never known Alistair complain of his liver. Alistair's health was as sound as his brain and his grasp of finance. It was not annoying heartiness—just quiet well-being.

And yet—there was something—once or twice the chairman's hand had wandered to his face. He had sat supporting his chin. Not his normal attitude. And once or twice he had seemed actually—yes, distraught.

They came out of the board-room and passed down the stairs.

Rotherstein said: "Can't give you a lift, I suppose?"

Alistair Blunt smiled and shook his head.

"My car's waiting." He glanced at his watch.

"I'm not going back to the city." He paused. "As a matter of fact I've got an appointment with the dentist."

The mystery was solved.

**D**ESCENDING from his taxi, Hercule Poirot paid the man, and rang the bell of 58 Queen Charlotte Street.

After a little delay the door was opened by a boy in a page-boy's uniform, with a freckled face, red hair, and an earnest manner.

Hercule Poirot said: "Mr. Morley?"

There was in his heart a ridiculous hope that Mr. Morley might have been called away, might be indisposed, might not be seeing patients to-day . . . All in vain. The page-boy drew back, Hercule Poirot stepped inside, and the door closed behind him with the quiet remorselessness of unalterable doom.

The boy said: "Name, please?"

Poirot gave it him, a door on the right of the hall was thrown open, and he stepped into the waiting-room. It was a room furnished in quiet good taste and, to Hercule Poirot, indescribably gloomy.

On the polished (reproduction) Sheraton table were carefully arranged papers and periodicals. The (reproduction) Hepplewhite sideboard held two Sheffield plated candlesticks. The mantelpiece held a bronze clock and two bronze vases. The windows were shrouded by curtains of blue velvet. The chairs were upholstered in a Jacobean design of red birds and flowers.

In one of them sat a military-looking gentleman with a fierce moustache and a yellow complexion. He looked at Poirot with an air of one considering some noxious insect. It was not so much his gun he



*One, two, buckle my shoe*



## ... By AGATHA CHRISTIE

looked as though he wished he had with him as his insecticide spray.

Poirot, eyeing him with distaste, said to himself, "In verity, there are some Englishmen who are altogether so unpleasant and ridiculous that they should have been put out of their misery at birth."

The military gentleman, after a prolonged glare, snatched up "The Times," turned his chair so as to avoid seeing Poirot, and settled down to read it.

Poirot picked up "Punch."

He went through it meticulously, but failed to find any of the jokes funny.

The page-boy came in and said, "Colonel Arrowbunby?"—and the military gentleman was led away.

Poirot was speculating on the probabilities of there really being such a name, when the door opened to admit a young man of about thirty.

As the young man stood by the table, restlessly flicking over the covers of magazines, Poirot looked at him sideways.

An unpleasant and dangerous-looking young man, he thought, and not impossibly a murderer. At any rate he looked far more like a murderer than any of the murderers Hercule Poirot had arrested in the course of his career.

The page-boy opened the door and said to mid-air: "Mr. Peerer."

Rightly construing this as a summons to himself, Poirot rose. The boy led him to the back of the hall and round the corner to a small lift in which he took him up to the second floor. Here he led him along a passage, opened a door which led into a little ante-room, tapped at a second door, and, without waiting for a reply, opened it and stood back for Poirot to enter.

Poirot entered to a sound of running water and came round the back of the door to discover Mr. Morley washing his hands with professional gusto at a basin on the wall.

There are certain humiliating moments in the lives of the greatest of men. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet. To that may be added that few men are heroes to themselves at the moment of visiting their dentist.

Hercule Poirot was morbidly conscious of this fact.

He was a man who was accustomed to have a good opinion of himself. He was Hercule Poirot, superior in most ways to other men. But in this moment he was unable to feel superior in any way whatever. His morale was down to zero. He was just that ordinary, that

craven figure, a man afraid of the dentist's chair.

Mr. Morley had finished his professional ablutions. He was speaking now in his encouraging professional manner.

"Hardly as warm as it should be, is it, for the time of the year?"

Gently he led the way to the appointed spot—to The Chair! Deftly he played with its head-rest, running it up and down.

Hercule Poirot took a deep breath, stepped up, sat down, and relaxed his head to Mr. Morley's professional fiddlings.

"There," said Mr. Morley with hideous cheerfulness. "That quite comfortable? Sure?"

In sepulchral tones Poirot said that it was quite comfortable.

Mr. Morley swung his little table nearer, picked up his little mirror, seized an instrument, and prepared to get on with the job.

Hercule Poirot grasped the arms of the chair, shut his eyes, and opened his mouth.

"Any special trouble?" Mr. Morley inquired.

Slightly indistinctly, owing to the difficulty of forming consonants while keeping the mouth open, Hercule Poirot was understood to say that there was no special trouble. This was, indeed, the twice yearly overhaul that his sense of order and neatness demanded.

It was, of course, possible that there might be nothing to do . . . Mr. Morley might, perhaps, overlook that second tooth from the back from which the twinges had come . . . He might—but it was unlikely—for Mr. Morley was a very good dentist.

Mr. Morley passed slowly from tooth to tooth, tapping and probing, murmuring little comments as he did so.

"That filling is wearing down a little—nothing serious, though. Gums are in pretty good condition, I'm glad to see." A pause at a suspect, a twist of the probe, no, on again, false alarm. He passed to the lower side. One, two—on to three?—No

"The dog," Hercule Poirot thought in confused idiom, "has seen the rabbit!"

"A little trouble here. Not been giving you any pain? H'm, I'm surprised." The probe went on.

Please turn to page 31



Nearer fifty than forty, Poirot thought, handing her the buckle with a courteous bow.

# SHOE



## Pamela Patience... I call those a real find

"The way you talk," says Pamela Patience, "anyone would think it was luck that got them for you, not my careful management. As a matter of fact, I waited and waited till I could get HORROCKSES flannelette for your pyjamas. You see, I know the HORROCKSES things. I know there's not a flannelette to touch HORROCKSES for softness, good looks and hard wear."

"Just now you can't always find HORROCKSES flannelette when you want it, but conditions are getting better, and gradually you will find more and more in the shops."

"But scarce or not?" says Pamela Patience, "I know what's wise. WAIT TILL YOU CAN FIND HORROCKSES flannelette—and when you see it, BUY IT!"



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## My Heart's at Home

MONICA made

Continued from page 5

her decision.

"The money need not stay there." It was in words at last. "I'll go home. Roddy and I will go home."

The insurance money would be more than enough. It was just telling the Jacksons that would be difficult. Saying to Hal's parents that Roddy had to go. When Mr. Jackson swung the baby to his shoulder all the lines of his face eased. When Mrs. Jackson's eyes rested on her grandson's face Monica had to turn her own eyes away.

I'll do it to-day, while they are all here. Tight bands were breaking about her heart. I shall say it to-night, when the holiday is over. Once it's said, even if I can't go straight off...

She breathed, just once, deeply down to where the new freedom was.

"Sit down and have a cup of coffee with the children, Monica." Mrs. Jackson was pushing her gently toward the others, as she often did. A chorus of welcome sounded from the table.

"Before the day starts I have an announcement to make." Jane, twenty-four years old, Hal's twin, sang it gaily enough. "Oh, it's nothing." The head went down a little. "Just that a certain famous young medico will not be with us to-day." "That's a doctor's life for you," her brother-in-law said lazily.

They loitered about the table a long time when they came home on visits. So Hal must have done, home from those schools that were on the pennants upstairs. Hal's words would have raced, too.

"They can go two hours on one hair-do, Monica," Carter Brown was telling her solemnly. "But when the styles in bonnets change. You wait!"

"Why don't you make a song of it, Carter? But when the styles in bonnets change. It sounds good." "He has made a song of it. Styles in bonnets—it's his musical signature."

I'll go home. I'll tell them to-night. Monica's hands were clasped under the table.

Packing the picnic hampers made up a small family ceremony, too, but Monica knew all the ways of it now, and her hands moved deftly. The girls straightened the house, their voices ringing upstairs and down.

Swimsuits in the car, and sun mattresses. At eleven they were on their way. Their destination, called simply the Grove, was a picnic spot four miles away.

Monica had come this way often enough to know the landmarks. Red oak, white oak, black oak, she thought monotonously, looking steadily out of the car window. Butternut, catalpa, hemlock, wild cherry. She frowned at the fields and fences and tree-shaded runs as the car bowed along. One could learn all the outer things, asking questions, remembering.

"That's locust, Monica," Mr. Jackson would say, pleased when she asked. "That's wild honey-suckle."

She pushed her thoughts forward. At one end of the Grove there was a natural spring pool, its water clear and cold. She would swim a long time. Closing her eyes and tumbling under water, she'd be in a world that was no world at all. Not Pennsylvania, not any State. If she climbed out on the forest side of the pool she could lose herself in the dense pines.

It was cool under the big trees of the Grove, and when the Jacksons parked the car and unpacked things one could picture them doing this always on this holiday.

When Mr. Jackson looked speculatively towards the low mountain the rest of them smiled. When he asked Monica if she would like to climb up to see if the huckleberries were ripe they called advice to her. "The berries are never ripe."

"It's just that Dad always has to climb the mountain on the Fourth."

"You're elected, Monica. Take my shade hat."

They drove part of the twisting and climbing way on a dirt road. They went on foot then, upward in strange country. It was no more strange than the valley, Monica thought, heavy-hearted. There was no at-homeness to any of it.

She repeated the names of the things Hal's father found on the way, though, looking at them carefully. Hardhack. Loosestrife. Sumac. Wild grape vine.

"This was the old tannery road, Monica. In a few weeks the laurel will be out on it like snow."

"I remember laurel from last year." Her voice was stifled. I could tell Mr. Jackson now. I could say it alone up here. Her heart began to beat rapidly.

"Two or three more years and I'll be coming this way with Roddy." He was holding a low branch back for her, his smile deep in his eyes.

The road was a grass-covered trail now, and Monica looked down at it. It had been with Hal, of course, that Mr. Jackson had climbed other summers.

"We're coming to the look-out." His pace and his voice quickened. They were out in a clearing, the sun full on them again. "You can see for miles and miles." He shaded his eyes, standing on the flat granite boulder. "Look, Monica."

She was on her knees, learning the way of mountain blueberries growing. She stood up, the frown between her eyes as she looked up and down the valley.

"There it is," Mr. Jackson didn't seem to mean just the valley. He seemed to be seeing the whole land—all of its hills and plains, its towns and rivers and lakes, its mountains and prairies. The way one saw it in an atlas, reaching from sea to sea. "One can see a long way," she said politely.

"If Hal could see it to-day." There was something new in his voice. "If Hal could see how the ways of peace and free men can go on and on here now. But he'll know, Hal couldn't be a place where he wouldn't know how it is with the valley. He'll know that it's safe again, safe for Roddy, for all the children. Safe and at peace—and strong and always ready."

"Safe and at peace—and strong and always ready." A new lesson. She repeated it. She searched up and down the valley, and then searched Mr. Jackson's face.

"That's what Hal would say." She spoke with sudden gentleness. "I'm sure he knows, Mr. Jackson."

IT seemed a long time that they stood there, reluctant to leave. "It's Independence Day, isn't it?" she said timidly. At last she had remembered.

"It's Independence Day, Monica." It wasn't only that Hal's father had spoken his name. It was that he had said it easily and surely, his head up and his eyes serene.

Side by side, in the open sunlight, they had talked about Hal...

The family lingered a long time about their picnic table, and Monica's eyes began to wander longingly toward the water.

Mr. Jackson had wandered away to watch the swimmers, and he came back hurrying.

"General 'Brick' is home," he called excitedly before he had reached them. "He's right here in the valley. Flew from Washington last night, spent the day with his mother. He's to speak at the service. Oh, and Monica—" His voice slowed uncomfortably and stopped.

"The parade marshal wants you to ride in the parade," he went on. "They're trying to get the wives or mothers of the boys whose names... It will mean sitting on the platform during the exercises, and—" "I couldn't." She was frightened. "Truly, I had rather—" But the Jacksons were looking at her, waiting. "Yes," she said, her voice low. "Of course."

A parade made up of strangers, she thought wincingly in the pool. A hall crowded with all the people who belonged here. She swam faster and faster, but there was no escaping it. To-night I shall tell them. She swam to a more dogged rhythm. It need not be hard.

Please turn to page 28

THE SPOTLIGHTS ON YOUR

## HAIR



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# 7

## ESSENTIALS TO GOOD HEALTH

1. Don't over-eat. Choose your daily diet from meat, bread, milk, eggs, cereals, fruit or vegetables.
2. Chew food thoroughly.
3. Take a daily bath.
4. A long walk, or similar exercise, each evening is suggested for office and other non-manual workers.
5. Get 8 hours' sleep in room with opened windows.
6. Cultivate cheerful outlook; don't worry.
7. Maintain Inner Cleanliness by regular daily habits. In this you will find Coloseptic of great assistance. Coloseptic checks autoxima (self-poisoning). A level teaspoonful of Coloseptic in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained. Coloseptic is on sale at all Chemists and Stores and is prepared by Coloseptic (Australia) Ltd., 10 O'Connell St., Newtown, N.S.W.

3392





## AWAY FROM THE FILM STUDIOS



**STARLETS' BEACH PICNIC.** Four of Warners' promising young players toast frankfurts over a beach fire during a week-end picnic. The girls are (l to -r.) Leza Holland, Suzi Crandall, Angela Greene, and Australian Joan Winfield. In addition to their present roles in various films, the girls are students at the studio's dramatic school, where they are coached by Miss Sophie Rosenstein, who has trained many successful film stars.

JANE WYMAN and her husband Ronald Reagan relax comfortably at home while they study their roles in forthcoming films. Jane will be seen in Warners' "Night and Day," a musical featuring the life of composer Cole Porter. Ronald's present role is in Warners' drama "Stallion Road." Married in 1939, the Reagans have two children, Maureen and Michael. Ronald was an Army captain during the war.





# Stars OF 1947



## Programmes sound better on a

Completely new radioplayers are on display at your nearest Philips retailer.

First there is Model 100, a mantel receiver no larger than a handset telephone, yet a precision instrument capable of excellent reproduction and fine tone.

Colourful, attractive, in its beautifully styled plastic cabinet, it is a radio to please your ear, your eye and your purse. Installation, due to the inbuilt aerial, is simplicity itself — plug it in and it plays.

Model 101 is a larger receiver—(a 5-valve, dual wave table model) luxurious in everything but price. It has fidelity, range and volume out of the ordinary and is housed in a cleanly designed modern plastic cabinet.

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# PHILIPS

## *radioplayer*

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.  
SYDNEY — MELBOURNE — ADELAIDE — PERTH — BRISBANE

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 8, 1947



## Bridal gowns . . .



● Long gloves of matching fabric are worn with this New York bridal gown of embroidered white satin. The bodice is fastened with tiny buttons and is set into a wide midriff band and peg-top skirt with pockets.



● A period-style white taffeta bridal gown with hooped-skirt, showing lace ruffling at lifted hemline. The net yoke of the bodice is finished with matching ruffle at the neck.



● This New York bridal gown (above) of creamy satin has the sleeves folded from pleated points at the squared shoulders. The bridal veil is in the new fashionable waist-length style and falls from a high coronet.

● The heart-shaped neckline is a lovely feature of the gown at the left, in white Celanese taffeta with a slim shaped bodice with frills at the hips. The sleeves are tightly fitted to the wrists.

● There is a classical elegance about this white rayon jersey gown (right) with its long tunic line. Loops of beading at the neckline are repeated at waist.





# Woman Architect

*advises wives not to  
let hubby have  
all the say*

Every housewife will agree that there should be more women architects to design homes from a woman's understanding viewpoint. Well here are some ideas for your new home supplied specially for Cane-ite by a woman architect.



**The Kitchen** The smaller the kitchen the less work there'll be. It can be larger if you make it your daytime living room, with a sunny alcove for your sewing machine. Have at least three power points — there are going to be many new electrical work-savers coming along in the



future. You should plan to have a small radio there and a pleasant outlook because that is where you spend the greatest part of your life.



**Pantry** Try and place the pantry so that you have to pass through it when you go from the kitchen to the dining room. This cuts off kitchen noises and odours. This also saves you a surprising amount of time in setting the table and clearing away.



**A Quieter House** By using Cane-ite for walls and Ivory Cane-ite for ceilings you get a much quieter house, because Cane-ite is sound absorbent. Sounds don't echo off these most modern of walls. Cane-ite provides no structural difficulties. You can even enlarge one room and make another one smaller after the house is built if you use Cane-ite.

**Bedroom** Have big cupboards built into one wall with an electric light inside. These cupboards might take eighteen inches or two feet off the width of a room, but they actually make it seem much larger because they do away with old-fashioned bulky wardrobes and provide three or four times as much hanging space.

**Entering the House** If you have a pretty view from the rear of the house it is a nice idea to have a big glass door or window at the end of the hall, and directly opposite the front door, from which the view can be seen immediately the front door opens. Of course this is only practicable if you have a short, wide hall, or when the living room is opposite the front door. Have a built-in cupboard near the front door for umbrellas, coats, hats, goloshes — and visitors' clothes — which spoil the effect of a pretty hallway if you're having a party.



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## PETTICOAT LANE...



### Vast black market flourishes in London's most colorful street

By air mail from BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

London's wittiest, gayest, most colorful street has had a warning.

Another threat has come to bring its picturesque history to an abrupt close. This is no time, the authorities say, for sentiment.

FOR Petticoat Lane is the "illegalest" street in all London.

And respectability's finger, the finger of the local borough council, is pointing at the cheerful rascals whose barrows crowd its narrow street and saying, "Stop your black-market or we shall stop your barrows!"

On Sunday mornings in the squash and noise of Petticoat Lane you can buy anything from your Sunday dinner to your trousseau.

There Jew battles with Gentile to strike a bargain, and the insults they hurl at each other are happily dissipated into an air full of the sound of barrel organs, wheezy gramophones, accordions, spruikers advertising anything from corn-plaster to canaries.

Visitors from all over the world come to nose about in its 500 yards of shops and barrows, which have overflowed with the press of black-market prosperity into all the neighboring streets of Whitechapel.

They say you can lose your watch at one end and buy it back at the other when you leave. For years Petticoat Lane has been the market for fenced goods of all kinds.

Added to these motley virtues, it can also claim to be the most highly

perfumed street in London, the most various street, the street of biggest bargains and most barefaced frauds.

With its mingling odors of cheap perfume, roasting chestnuts, fish, flowers, garbage, poultry, its narrow mews, and slum population, Whitechapel is much changed from the fashionable district it was in the time of James I.

It first became the ghetto of London when Oliver Cromwell permitted the Jews to build a synagogue in Petticoat Lane, known then as Berwardes Street. Pedlars began to sell the cast-off clothes of the upper classes.

To erase Petticoat Lane's dubious reputation, councillors recently gave it the more genteel title of Middlesex Street. But Londoners have a humorous affection for the old name and won't change it.

To them it is all mixed up with the wit and the violence of the barrowmen's patter.

"How about this line in working-men's socks? Beautiful work—French clox. Tres bons! Les cotton heels et les cotton toes preventer tous les pommès. Who says we're illiterate? I'll give 'em socks!"

If respectability carries out its warning, there will be no frauds in Petticoat Lane, but there will also be no wit, no color, and no gaiety.



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# Young Australian musicians do well in U.S.A.



SINGER Sybil Willey.



PIANIST Richard Farrell.

## They work hard but enjoy the challenge of a wider world

Radioed by PHILLIPA DAY, from New York

In two of America's largest cities, New York and Philadelphia, six ambitious young musicians from Australia and New Zealand are meeting with success in their studies—and learning to budget on slim incomes in the world's most expensive area.

Sydney violinist Claire Simpson, Brisbane contralto Sybil Willey, two Victorian pianists, Leonard Hungerford and Manfred Clynes, and pianist Richard Farrell from New Zealand are in New York. The baby of the bunch, Allison Nelson from South Australia, is studying the piano with Rudolph Sergin in Philadelphia.

**E**ACH holds a scholarship to one of the two great schools of music in the United States, the Juilliard School in New York or the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

In spite of the problems they have had to face in these two vast cities, the young students, all of whom are in their early twenties, are meeting the impact of America's musical world with confidence.

Already there are rewards—appearances in national broadcasts, recitals, solo performances with orchestras, friendships with musical celebrities, praise from teachers.

Their greatest difficulty is finding a place to practise. The 2000 students of the Juilliard School have fewer than 150 practising rooms.

Richard Farrell, Leonard Hungerford, Manfred Clynes, and Sybil Willey are living at Rockefeller Foundation International House with students of 56 other nationalities.

It is a hostel for overseas students who attend Columbia University and the Juilliard School.

Claire Simpson lives in a pleasant 10-dollar-a-week room in an apartment block on Broadway near the school. Allison Nelson shares an apartment in Philadelphia with her sister, Kathleen, who works at the British Consulate.

Claire and Allison were the first of the students to arrive in America after the U.S. conductor Eugene Ormandy recommended them for scholarships at the Curtis Institute in 1944.

Claire left the Curtis Institute after a year and then won a Fellowship to the Graduate School at Juilliard.

There are no paying pupils in this Fellowship. All pupils must win a Fellowship.

In order to gain the Fellowship she had to sit for a competitive examination against American competition, and was the only student among non-American candidates who achieved this.

Now in the second year of her three-year scholarship she is studying under Louis Persinger, former teacher of Yehudi Menuhin.

Last week he told her that he had complete faith in her. She is working hard and lives only for her music.

Besides her violin study she plays in four Juilliard School ensembles, and also takes the piano as secondary course.

In her little room she is often awakened by students practising trumpets when the school doors open at 7 a.m., and it's a

quiet breakfast of porridge and coffee for Claire in the apartment's community kitchen, then over the road for a full day at the school.

She has dinner in the Juilliard cafeteria, where colored shirts, check coats, snatches of song, and young men beating out rhythm with their forks are all part of the meal.

Practise and concerts fill her evenings. Add to this such tasks as doing her own laundry, and you will see she does not know what spare time means.

She told me she had an opportunity of doing Columbia broadcasts with ensembles, but had to decline because as an alien she cannot join the Musicians' Union.

The sad part of that story is that some broadcasts are recorded for Columbia at the rate of 50 dollars (£17) for one side of a record.

But she recently played the violin part in the Beethoven Archduke Trio over a non-commercial station.

The fund for Claire's living expenses (Juilliard Scholarships do not include these) was raised in Sydney by a committee headed by Lady Gordon.

The receipts from the fund will cease in July.

After that Claire is uncertain of her musical future. She says she has never lost the desire to return to Australia, and eventually intends to do so.

America hasn't changed her, and she still has the fringe which Australian concertgoers will remember.

But Australian audiences will have to revise memories of Allison Nelson, who left Australia as a child



PIANIST Manfred Clynes.

with long hair down her back. Allison has grown up in the United States.

She has cut her hair to shoulder-length, is poised, vivacious, and has a slight American accent—the only one of the group to develop one.

Allison says her schedule at Curtis keeps her busy. She leaves most of the cooking to her sister. Besides her practice on her piano in her apartment, she is studying Italian and German and attending other classes at the school. For two mornings a week she is also pianist for an opera class.

Last year Allison played as soloist with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

"I was so calm it was fantastic," she said.

### Solo recitals

**S**HE also gave solo recitals at Richmond, Virginia, and in Philadelphia last summer, and the offer has been repeated for this summer.

Rudolph Serkin asked Allison to continue her lessons with him when he went to his home in Vermont, so she stays at a farm three miles away, and walks over for her lessons. This is an honor Serkin does not usually bestow on his students.

Richard Farrell and Leonard Hungerford said all the students spend half their lives at concerts.



PIANIST Allison Nelson.

They get student concession prices and occasionally free tickets, but Richard says it is difficult to get concessions for the best concerts. He says he usually pays about three dollars 30 cents (£1) for a ticket.

The American pianist William Kapell arranged the scholarship for Farrell with his own teacher, Madame Samaroff Stokowski, former wife of conductor Leopold Stokowski, and he has already won a second-year renewal.

He is studying composition and conducting as well as the piano, as are Manfred Clynes and Leonard Hungerford.

Recently he played the difficult solo part in the Shostakovich Piano Concerto with the Juilliard Orchestra. It was broadcast over the C.B.S. national network.

Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has offered Farrell a scholarship at his next summer musical festival, the Berkshire Festival in Massachusetts, where he teaches three or four students to conduct each year.

Farrell had to refuse because he is doing a tour of New Zealand in July under engagement to the New Zealand Broadcasting Service.

He will be in Australia in August, but doesn't know whether he will play publicly. He hopes to return to America to take up a conducting scholarship in the summer of 1948.

Leonard Hungerford has had domestic trials. He tells how he washed a pile of his clothing in the community laundry of a friend's apartment house and left it in the tub to dry.

When he got home he found he had collected not only shirts, but also some very feminine scanties.

You will remember Hungerford,

who comes from Korumburra, South Gippsland, by a story which led to his scholarship.

He crashed a rehearsal at the Melbourne Town Hall when conductor Ormandy was there, climbed on the platform, and made his way to the piano, chased by the doorman.

Breathlessly he asked Ormandy: "Please listen to me play."

Ormandy said, "There's the piano, sit down and play."

He listened, and on his return to the United States he contacted Ernest Hutcheson.

Hutcheson, who is a former director of the Juilliard School and a piano teacher, wrote to Hungerford and asked him to come over to try for a scholarship.

He did, won it, has had it renewed, and studies under Hutcheson.

To supplement his slender budget he has four piano students, two boys and two girls. He also lectures on opera at a fashionable girls' school.

When I met Richard and Leonard they were wearing smart new American-style suits with almost zoot-length coats. Farrell's coat had new wide lapels, too.

Manfred Clynes, the last of the three boys to leave Australia, won the Juilliard Scholarship when it was judged by the Australian Broadcasting Commission last year.

He has already played in public at the United Nations reception at the Waldorf Astoria.

To solve his practising problem he bought a Steinway grand and installed it in a friend's apartment.

But it is still not quite a solution. Neighbors are complaining about his six-hour practice each day, and he admits that the cost of the piano cut him short on funds.

On the other hand, he says he has solved his mending and washing problems.

An elderly Irish maid who cleans his room at International House has taken a liking to him.

"She's a substitute mother to me," he says.

Since he has been in New York Clynes has become a close friend of Yehudi Menuhin and his family.

Sybil Willey is the last of the students to arrive. She reached New York last October after winning the Juilliard Scholarship in Australia.

She is studying opera,lieder, and early Italian singing under Florence Page Kimbell.

After talking to them I could see there is a lot about Australia they miss.

With Manfred it is the trees in Melbourne. Sybil misses the Brisbane sun. Leonard pines for the Victorian countryside, and Claire is homesick for her family.

But all six students agree that the expert training and the musical feast at their disposal in America are more than compensation.



VIOLINIST Claire Simpson.



PIANIST Leonard Hungerford.



## RETURN OF QUALITY

THERE is good news for Australian women in the announcement that large quantities of silk stockings will be on sale in March.

The rayon stocking with its wrinkles and bulges and wonderful laddering properties might be taken as the symbol of all the wardrobe troubles of the past seven years.

During the war there were so many big things to grieve over that personal adornment did not worry sensible women. But during the last 18 months we have become rather wistful.

We have become more keenly aware that among all the makeshifts, substitutes and imitations we have had to buy, the thing most sorely missed was quality.

That is the next thing we would like to see back in the shops.

Many wise women used to base all their buying on quality. Long experience had proved that it paid best.

For years now these women have had to take what they could get. With dismay they have seen shoes wear out in no time, fabrics go shoddy at the first washing, dresses tear away at the seams, stockings ladder on the first wearing.

When in recent months small quantities of first-grade goods have appeared — such as pure silk dress materials — they have been astronomical in price.

Yet the shops are full of goods, much of it shoddy, at prices that would once have bought the best.

Manufacturers should make their next production aim the restoration of quality. It will be even more welcome than silk stockings.



# How to choose, and hold, your life mate

What are your chances of getting married? Do you frighten possible prospects away? Will your marriage be happy or miserable?

These and scores of other pointers pertaining to the ultimate goal of matrimonial happiness are thrashed out in a recently published book, "How To Pick a Mate."

WRITERS are Dr. Clifford Adams, Director of Marriage Counselling Service, Pennsylvania State College, and Vance Packard, American journalist.

Based on research and findings of the Marriage Counselling Service, "How to Pick a Mate" analyses the causes of marriage success and failure, presents innumerable tests for people involved or about to be involved in love or marriage.

Following test schedules are for both men and women.

## What are your chances of getting a mate you'll like?

This quiz is to test whether your marriage expectancy rating is high or low.

It will help you decide what you want in a mate, where such a mate exists, establish friendships that will lead to introductions, and how to make yourself attractive to possible mates.

1. Do you sometimes compliment a person, even though it is not deserved?  
YES..... NO.....
2. Do you prefer "different" or unconventional people?  
YES..... NO.....
3. Do you often become involved in heated arguments?  
YES..... NO.....
4. Are you a good mixer?  
YES..... NO.....
5. Do your good friends include both men and women of about your own age?  
YES..... NO.....
6. Do you take an active part in two or more sports?  
YES..... NO.....
7. Have you ever had a chance to become engaged?  
YES..... NO.....
8. Do your friends visit you frequently?  
YES..... NO.....
9. When you meet someone you know, do you usually speak first?  
YES..... NO.....
10. Do you remember names and faces of people you meet?  
YES..... NO.....
11. Do you find it easy to talk to strangers?  
YES..... NO.....
12. Is your voice pleasing and modulated?  
YES..... NO.....
13. Do you like to watch cricket, football?  
YES..... NO.....
14. Are you a good listener?  
YES..... NO.....

The right answer to the first three questions is "No," to all the others, "Yes."

If you answered nine or more correctly you have a high expectancy. If only three or less, then you had better take action to improve your eligibility.

## Are you grown-up emotionally?

More than anything else, your rating on "emotional maturity" reveals your chances of achieving a happy marriage.

1. Can you accept criticism without having your feelings hurt?  
YES..... NO.....
2. Are you normally free from jealousy?  
YES..... NO.....
3. When you have differences with people, can you usually work out compromises that satisfy you and don't leave hard feelings?  
YES..... NO.....
4. Are you happy most of the time — free from emotional outbursts?  
YES..... NO.....
5. Can you be away from the place you live for a month without getting homesick?  
YES..... NO.....
6. Can you make your own personal decision without depending on friends and relatives to help you?  
YES..... NO.....
7. Do you get along well with your parents, relatives, and friends?  
YES..... NO.....
8. Are you living up to the responsibilities which go along with the privileges given to you?  
YES..... NO.....
9. Have you friends among both sexes, some older and some younger than you?  
YES..... NO.....
10. Are you living zestfully in the present instead of bragging about past deeds?  
YES..... NO.....
11. Can you postpone something you want to do now in order to have greater enjoyment later?  
YES..... NO.....
12. Before beginning a new project or making a final decision, do you honestly weigh the arguments for and against it?  
YES..... NO.....
13. When things go wrong, do you find the cause and correct it instead of blaming bad luck on others?  
YES..... NO.....

If you honestly answered "Yes" to ten or more of these questions, you are more emotionally mature than the average person. If you answered "Yes" to 12 or 13, you should have an exceptionally good chance for a happy marriage.

## Do you frighten possible mates away?

Perhaps you have traits of which you are not aware but which annoy people you want to know better.

In this Negative or Positive Personality test, subtract five points for each of the repelling traits you possess. (Be honest). And add five points for each of the appealing traits which you can claim.

If you ended with a negative score, you can feel fairly sure that you are being handicapped in your asso-

ciation with the other sex by an unattractive personality.

In fact, if you checked more than six of the repelling traits (regardless of the number of appealing ones), you have grounds for concern.

If you checked three or less of the repelling traits and all of the positive ones you have an unusually appealing personality.

### REPELLING

Jealous.  
Intolerant.  
Uncomfortable in groups.  
Full of anxieties.  
Inclined to daydream.  
"Go to pieces" when upset.  
Profane habitually.  
Flaunt your knowledge.  
Gossipy.  
Unpredictable.  
Envious of others.  
Talk about your bad health.  
Lack confidence.

### APPEALING

Broadminded.  
Loyal to friends.  
Affectionate.  
Optimistic.  
Tactful.  
Ability to accept criticism.  
Dress appropriately.  
Modulated voice.  
High ideals.  
Naturalness.  
Consistently dependable.  
Neat, clean.  
Congenial conversationalist.

## Are you really in love or is it only infatuation?

Notions that couples fall in love at first sight are romantic but not sound. Young people often confuse infatuation with love. These questions will help you decide how you are situated.

1. Are there a great number of things you like to do together?  
YES..... NO.....
2. Do you actually want to marry this person?  
YES..... NO.....
3. Would you be afraid to trust this person in the company of another attractive member of your own sex?  
YES..... NO.....
4. Has he (or she) qualities you would like to have in your own children?  
YES..... NO.....
5. Do your parents think you are in love? (They are very discerning about such things.)  
YES..... NO.....
6. Can you imagine how he (or she) will appear at 40 and still feel as deeply attached to him (or her) as before?  
YES..... NO.....
7. Have you serious doubt about your love for him?  
YES..... NO.....
8. Is this person attractive to you, not only in appearance but in the way he talks, acts, and thinks?  
YES..... NO.....
9. When outside trouble develops, does the crisis tend to pull you together rather than apart?  
YES..... NO.....
10. Do you wonder if he or she is being sincere in what he tells you?  
YES..... NO.....

You have a perfect score if you answered 3, 7, and 10 with "No" and all the others with "Yes."

If you had six correct answers, you are judged to be in love, but if not you should be sceptical until you receive further proof.

# Interesting People



MISS KATHLEEN BAIRD  
... modern Pied Piper

SENT to Europe as member of Guides' International Service, Kathleen Baird, Perth, graduate of University of Western Australia, brought the old Pied Piper of Hamelin legend up to date by piping to bed sixty displaced children at a holiday camp at Hamelin. Once each week she donned feathered hat and cloak of the legendary Piper. Children trooped after her, although she had never learnt a note of music. Was one of first four Guides on overseas service. Is in charge of camp of 200 Ruthenians outside Brunswick in Germany.



DR. H. M. TRELOAR  
... weather man

FIRST man to gain his Doctorate of Science in Australia for meteorological investigation, Dr. H. M. Treloar, of Central Weather Bureau, Melbourne, has been keen on science since boyhood. Says: "I owe much of my success to interest in my work of my wife and our two sons." Was a pioneer of aviation weather forecasting. As Assistant Director of R.A.A.F. Meteorological Services during war worked on radio meteorology, forecasting invasion tides, high altitude flying wind systems.



MISS JOYCE HADLEY  
... fuel overseer

WORKING at the Fuel Office, Canterbury, Kent, England, for two years, 21-year-old Joyce Hadley has done her job so well that now she has been made fuel overseer of a district that covers 87 square miles, has population of 19,000 people. A keen tennis player and enthusiastic about her work, she says: "I find people are very helpful in the way they really do try to save their fuel. It makes my work much easier than if they were always complaining."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



# Best-dressed woman likes bizarre simplicity



**STRIPES** treated like this look attractive on tall, slim Mrs. Hawks. The severe hair style is right for her good features.



**ECCENTRIC** but effective. Mrs. Hawks wears this white blouse over shorts at a beach party.



**PEDAL PUSHERS** and a sweater blouse, with ballet shoes. Mrs. Hawks calls herself the "skinny type, only casually athletic."



**ANYBODY** might wear this blouse and slacks, but Mrs. Hawks adds gold kid sandals, belt, and bracelet.

★ Mrs. Howard Hawks, wife of the Hollywood producer, was named best-dressed woman in the world by the New York Dress Institute in its 1946 poll.

The Duchess of Windsor came second in the selection of ten. While it has been said that the amount spent in New York shops has dominant influence on this annual choice of the ten best-dressed women, these clothes show that Mrs. Hawks has a talent for the striking touch that lifts simplicity from the commonplace.



**IMMENSE** drawstring leather bag with dressmaker suit. It's this sort of touch makes people look twice.



**ONE-STRAP** playsuit wouldn't suit everyone. Knowing what suits her is Mrs. Hawks' strongest point.



**HOSTESS GOWN** of heavy white crepe. The strap holds up the train. Mrs. Hawks wears only one piece of jewellery—a huge bracelet.





# PIN-UPS

IN FULL NATURAL COLOUR



**STORIES**  
about *Film Stars*

**STORIES**  
by *Film Stars* . . .

Brimful of human interest from cover to cover, "Photoplay" features articles about your favourite film stars' private lives, about their homes, about films soon to thrill you in every Australian theatre. This is the fan magazine that's a favourite with America's "first million" film-goers. Big February features are topped by Ron Randell's own story of his adventurous travels along the road to success. Read "I've Been There Before" by Ron Randell in February "Photoplay."

Other lavishly illustrated features include "The Score on Gable," "My Kind of Guy" (Guy Madison), "Big Girl" (Shirley Temple), and there are full natural colour photographs of your favourite pin-ups as illustrated above.

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# Zoo baby from Africa's only elephant school

## How expedition obtained animals in Africa

The first big consignment of new animals, birds, and snakes to reach Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, since the war meant a nine months' tour through Africa, including 10,000 miles by motor lorry, for Mr. H. B. Brown, secretary of the Taronga Park Trust, and keeper E. Hargreaves.

They brought home their "bag"—a rhinoceros, lions, jackals, an African flop-eared elephant (Australian zoos formerly possessed only the Indian non-flop-eared type), an engaging young chimpanzee, Andy, who is reputed to do everything but talk, and a large collection of birds and snakes—as deck cargo aboard the *Mangarella*.



MR. H. B. BROWN, secretary of Taronga Park Trust, photographed during the 10,000-mile lorry trip in search of animals in Africa.



BABY ELEPHANT at "training school" in the Belgian Congo. As part of training native boys rustle dry leaves near the elephant to accustom it to strange new sounds.

MR. BROWN, now home again, explained in an interview how a zoo-hunting expedition works.

The party did not do any hunting themselves, but moved slowly through Rhodesia, Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo, buying from professional catchers.

"Many small and not too prosperous farmers are catching as a sideline," Mr. Brown said, "and doing very well out of it."

"There is keen competition, because many of the usual catchers are still doing military service."

Some of the animals were bought from the Pretoria and Johannesburg Zoos, with whom Taronga Park has an arrangement of exchange, and some from the zoo at Lourenco Marques, in Portuguese East Africa. Others were donated.

The elephant was bought from a special elephant training farm in the Belgian Congo. Run by the Belgian Government, it is the only one of its kind in Africa.

Each February officials, with about 60 native boys, go out to catch young elephants.

They take with them a number of trained monitor or mother elephants, who are turned loose among the young ones and head them off for catching.

### Shipboard diet

EIGHTY pounds of meat was consumed daily by the animals brought back on the *Mangarella* for Taronga Park Zoo. There was also a large supply of corn, millet, and sugarcane.

The young elephant presented a diet problem when her green feed dried up in the heat. She turned up her trunk at rice, but fortunately took a fancy to bananas and sugarcane.

Large supplies of fowls were needed for the cheetahs and lion cubs.

The baby hyenas were fed—frequently by the ship's passengers—on milk from a bottle.

Andy, the chimpanzee, eats his meals with a knife and fork, drinks from a glass, and knows to put any peelings on a plate beside him.

Taken back to the farm, the babies undergo a rigorous six months' course of education.

They lead a strictly regimented day—morning bath in the river, lessons, a period out at pasture, and another bath at night.

During this time they learn to lie

down and rise at word of command and to know the human voice.

The monitors stay with them throughout training, assist backward babies who either won't lie down or get up by applying their trunks and tusks.

The motherly monitors think nothing of bringing a troublesome kindergartner to heel with a good firm slap from their trunks, Mr. Brown says.

Each night the tethered elephant lines are visited by an old hippopotamus who comes up from the river, inspects the babies, and—everything to his satisfaction—goes back as silently as he came.

Native guards have strict orders to let him through.

### Buffalo in bedroom

TO show that the unexpected can always happen in Africa," Mr. Brown emphasised, "a man living in a closely settled island joined to the mainland of Kenya by a causeway came out from breakfast one morning to find a buffalo in his bedroom."

"Buffaloes are the shyest of all African animals, and to this day people can't make out how this one crossed the causeway and found its way into the bedroom of a house."

Doubtless the owner wished it

never had, for before it could be driven out the room was completely wrecked.

"We lost a sentry at the Kampala camp one night, too. He was snatched by a lion, though we were only two miles from the town."

"Buffaloes are perhaps the most shy, but you literally never know where or when to be on the look-out for a lion in Africa."

Mr. Brown has found giraffes to be one of the most tame of the wild animals. They will approach a lorry as close as 15 feet.

"Elephants are comparatively docile during the day. Night is their

time. That is when you have to be careful.

"If you are driving at night and meet a herd of elephants crossing a road, either going or coming from their drinking, you must stop dead at once and dim your lights."

"A man we worked with on this trip had twice had his lorry charged by elephants and overturned at night."

"It is remarkable," Mr. Brown said, "the way African wild animals get to know about reserves."

"There is actually no explanation, except that the animals DO know."

"You will find reserves teeming with them, while perhaps on the other side of the road—not a reserve—there will be hardly any animals. 'Some highly developed sense tells them where they are safe.'"

For people whose future plans include an African safari, Mr. Brown gives these pointers:

- If you are thinking about capturing baboons, try a favorite trick of native catchers. Place a few lollies in the bottom of a jar or tin. The baboon will be irresistibly attracted by these, force in his big fist, and won't know how to get it out. Walking round with the jar on his hand, he won't be able to climb. That's when you get him.

- If your fancy is the quaint and rare secretary bird (so called because of the gull that stands up behind his ears), wait until a wet day. The unwily bird will get his wings drenched walking through the grass, won't be able to give more than a few futile flaps—and you close in.

- Crown cranes are valuable, and almost any zoo would simply love to buy one. If you're going to catch them the native way, you'll dig a pit, scatter food near it, get in, and make a sort of roof of straw over your head. Then you wait for the bird to cross it, and grab it by the leg.

These are the simpler methods. There are, of course, more scientific ones.

A very sun-tanned man with grey in his hair, Mr. Brown looks exactly what he is, a man who has spent the past 30 years among animals, some of them dangerous and some less so. Some of the years and some of the animals have left more than one physical mark.

He has no domestic pets, perhaps because a dog, cat, or parrot would seem rather tame after the animals he is used to during business hours.

He will own up to no outright favorites in the animal kingdom, but has something good to say for all.

He does confess, though, to a longstanding fondness for the rhinoceros.

# Scotland Yard men debunk mystery fiction

By MARY COLES of our Melbourne staff

If a Scotland Yard man actually came across all the blood spilt between the pages of the average detective story he would faint.

WE have this on the word of Sgt. Ernest Millen, who, with Chief Inspector Edmund Daws, of "The Yard," is in Australia investigating a crime alleged to have been committed in Britain. They are probing suspected huge frauds.

Both towering six feet one and a half inches, with strong and disconcertingly breezy personalities, they were inveigled with some difficulty into our Melbourne office for an interview, and in a dizzy twenty-minute session had the entire staff a-twitter.

Fans familiar with the telephone number of Whitehall 1212 from their detective story reading wanted to know if "The Yard" was like its fictional pictures.

"It doesn't bear the slightest resemblance," said Sgt. Millen. "Unlike fiction, crime detection in real life is sordid."

"It makes men cynical and inclined to think everyone is crook, to use an Australian slang expression."

Nevertheless both men are devoted to their jobs.

"The work gets into your blood," said Chief Inspector Daws, who donned the uniform of a London bobby when he forsook an engineering career in 1926.

"My wife calls me 'Bed and Breakfast.' Detectives never make model husbands because their home life has to come second to their job."

Sgt. Millen, who fulfilled a boyhood ambition when he joined the Yard 15 years ago, agreed on both points—the fascination of the work, and the shortcomings of detectives as husbands.

"My wife is often in the tantalising position of watching me working over papers before the fireside, and being unable to ask what it is all about," he said.

"But there's nothing spectacular about the work," he said. "To us an investigation is an impersonal thing."

"We're only interested in establishing facts. Guilt or innocence doesn't concern us. This means 98 per cent. hard work and two per cent. luck, and never allowing yourself to get downhearted."

"It is a matter of patience, diligence, and fitting fragments of information into a pattern, just the same as a jig-saw puzzle."

### Not like bloodhounds!

"AND," someone prompted, "at the eleventh hour, just a fraction before the case is completed, do you ever feel rather like hounds sniffing their quarry?"

"Hounds? No!" both corrected with horrified voices. "We're just plain wolves," they guffawed, adroitly steering the conversation away from their work.

"Scotland Yard is just the same as every other police department except it is bigger," explained Inspec-



"YARD" MEN, Chief Inspector Edmund Daws (left) and Detective Sergeant Ernest Millen.

tor Daws, tactfully ignoring a query about some of his famous cases.

"And if only the nations would co-operate with each other like every police force, irrespective of creed or color, lasting world peace would be a reality."

"The London Metropolitan Police cover an area of about 700 square miles with a total strength of approximately 20,000 men, including roughly 1000 plainclothes detectives," he said.

"This area has a cosmopolitan population of about ten million people. Scotland Yard men consequently get wide experience in all branches of crime."

Although Scotland Yard men all jealously guard their personal reputations in the realm of achievement,

both Inspector Daws and Sergeant Millen were emphatic that there were no rugged individualists in the Service who worked alone and dramatically in fiction style.

"Well, now, that's the lot," they announced. "Off we go."

"Thank you so much, and goodbye," I said, proffering an outstretched arm for a gracious farewell handshake.

But elegance was short-lived.

Inspector Daws' irrepressible sense of fun had prevailed, and before my hand had time to close the clasp I was quailing at his feet on my knees.

Just a flick of his wrist as our hands met, and I had been initiated into the mysteries of jiu-jitsu.

Scotland Yard men don't need to carry lethal weapons for protection with arms like that up their sleeves!





# Lift that dreary mask of "IRREGULARITY"...

## without harsh laxatives

*Gentle-acting Kellogg's All-Bran  
brings quick, safe relief.*



Out with those harsh laxatives!

Harsh laxatives shock delicate intestinal muscles into premature and unnatural action — very often lead to serious illness. You feel sluggish and look OLD long before your time.

The safe way, the natural way, to relieve constipation is with Kellogg's All-Bran. Kellogg's All-Bran puts "bulk" back into your system . . . effectively, but gently aids elimination because it forms a soft absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings

on peristaltic action.

Just eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Serve it just like any other breakfast food with milk and sugar.

*Not a Purgative —  
but a Gentle acting regulative  
food!*



**Cosmetics can't hide constipation!**

NO! Cosmetics can't cover up constipation forever! You must get at the cause. Start with those two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Be regular—the natural, gentle way.

Ask for

# Kellogg's ALL-BRAN\*

★ Registered Trade Mark.

## BREAKFAST on the BARRIER REEF



P.S.—If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.

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# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD DAYS are ahead for Aquarians, Librans and Geminians now, but they should avoid rashness, and guard health, property, and finances.

Other groups should live cautiously and quietly now, especially Scorpions, Leonians, and Taurians. Difficulties come their way, and ailments, quarrels, and domestic upsets are likely.

## The Daily Diary

HERT is my astrological review for the week—

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Try to be easy to get along with this week, as troubles are likely. Feb. 5 and 6 predominantly adverse; 9, 10, and 11 (early) confusing.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): A good week for routine work, so avoid new ventures. Feb. 5 and 6 can prove exasperating; 11 can bring many upsets.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Make the most of your chances this week to seek promotions and gains. Feb. 5 to 8 tricky; 9 (except mid-evening), 10, and 11 (except near sunset) all excellent.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Unspectacular times now, though Feb. 4 and 11 (after 11 a.m.) can be helpful and pleasing. Routine affairs best.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Beware indiscretions, as almost everything you



"Could I interest you in a novel little musical instrument?"

do goes wrong just now. Be patient, unexcited, and wise, and avoid new ventures until things are more favorable.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to Sept. 23): Get urgent matters in hand shortly, for unfavorable weeks are ahead. Meanwhile, Feb. 5 uncertain, but helpful, 9 full of surprises, good and bad; 10 and 11 both fair.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Keep busy, and most changes and gains are Feb. 4 (except mid-evening), 10 and 11 (except 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.). First few days of the week poor.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Discretion pays good dividends now. Keep out of trouble, as difficulties predominate on Feb. 4, 6, 7, and 8. Feb. 11 pleasing but unreliable.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Unexpected gains or pleasures possible on Feb. 4 (near sunset) and 10. Feb. 9 and 11 helpful, but worrisome.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Modest gains, as routine tasks are best. Feb. 7 and 8 are fair, but bring confusion.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): A tricky week, but fortunate if you are wise awake. Feb. 3 and 4 troublesome; 7 and 8 fair; 9 (except mid-evening) good; 10 excellent; 11 (after 10 a.m.) poor.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Pleasant, but a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

## Your Coupons

TEA: 1-12 (1-4 expire March 2, 5-8 expire March 20).  
SUGAR: 51-4 (cumulative).  
BUTTER: 7-9 (expire March 2).  
MEAT: Black 12-15 (12 to 21 available from Feb. 17); green, 17 and 19 (17 to 23 available from Feb. 17).  
CLOTHING: 257-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 (current).  
N.B.: All special food coupons (1945-46 series), expire June 30, 1947.

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# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are staying on a ranch in New Mexico owned by beautiful **DONNA:** Who tells them the ranch is haunted by a two-headed monster.

**STEVE:** An Indian, who helps Harker act the role of the two-headed monster in order to frighten Donna from the ranch. Mandrake faces the so-called monster out on the range, and chases him through vast underground caves. As Harker leaves the caves Steve rolls huge stones into the entrance, shutting Mandrake in. **NOW READ ON:**







**MELBOURNE WEDDING.** Major Sir Rupert Clarke, Bart., and his bride, formerly Kath Grant Hay, leaving St. John's Church, Toorak. Sir Rupert is eldest son of Marchioness of Headfort and late Sir Rupert T. H. Clarke, Bart.



**DOCTOR MARRIES.** Dr. Keith Lyttle, third son of Mrs. Lyttle, of Goulburn, and late Dr. T. Lyttle, with his bride, Virginia Boyd, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Boyd, of Virginia, U.S.A., leaving St. Stephen's. L. to R.: Adrian Deamer, Dr. Tom Robertson, bridegroom and bride, Rae Boyd, and June Templeman.

## Getting Married

**L**OTS of pretty brides choose summery days for weddings, and walk to the altar in clouds of white while the sun shines.

Town of Young seems to be wedding-minded these days, as excitement of Jim Davidson's wedding with Antilla Browne is followed by wedding of David Lamb and pretty Mary Shannon at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Young.

Mary, who is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Shannon, of Koorlinga, Young, chooses classical gown of white embossed satin featuring a yoke of marquisette. She wears her mother's wedding veil held in place with orange blossoms. Bridegroom's sister Helen Lamb and Madge Thomson, of June, a cousin of the bride, were attendants. David, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Lamb, of Oakvale, Milvale, was attended by Jim McIntosh, of Camden, as best man, and Mary's brother Neville as groomsman. Mary and David will make their future home in Young.



**INTERSTATE INTEREST.** Peter Johnson, of Port Lincoln, South Australia, and his bride, formerly Rua Williams, elder daughter of Mr. Justice Dudley Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Rose Bay, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point.



**WEDDING** at Bowral for Evan Garrard and Sylvia Macquarie Antill. Sylvia is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Antill, of Wytechwood, Bowral, and a great-granddaughter of Major John Colden Antill, who came to Australia in 1809 as aide-de-camp to Governor Macquarie. Bride's sister Margaret was bridesmaid, and Evan's brother Bruce best man. Bridegroom is the elder son of Mrs. M. Garrard, of Manly, and the late Alex M. Garrard, of Narrabri and Lismore. Reception was held at Twickenham, the home of Mrs. Gordon Hirst.

**YOUNG AIRMAN.** Flight-Lieut. David Nicholls, second son of Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Nicholls, of Morpeth, and bride, formerly Joan Elliott, only daughter of the L. T. Elliotts, of Gordon. David is in permanent Air Force. After honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise and stay in Melbourne couple will sail for England, where they will spend twelve months.



**NEW ZEALAND GIRL.** Mrs. Robert Stanton, formerly Mona ("Kiki") Flane, of Auckland, leaves Wesley Chapel, Castlereagh Street, after marriage with Robert Stanton, ex-R.A.A.F., of Coogee. "Kiki" was only New Zealand girl to serve with Royal Navy as a V.A.



**SCIENTISTS.** Mr. and Mrs. Ifor Thomas after marriage in S.A. Bride formerly Patricia Mawson, daughter of Sir Douglas and Lady Mawson. Groom is Senior Lecturer in Geology at Sydney University. Bride holds Master of Science degree.



**QUIET WEDDING** at St. Mark's, Nelson Ryrie, of "Euromedha," Narramine, and his bride, formerly Mrs. Frank Mack, widow of late Flight-Lieut. Frank Mack, "Weemabah." Triangie, and daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Scott, "Burroway," Narramine, with best man Bruce Walker, "Kaluqa," Nyngan, and bride's sister, Alice Scott.

**CAUGHT** in a whirl of trousseau shopping and parties is Joan Wynn Roberts, who will marry Bill Shaw, of Cootamundra, this Saturday night at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Joan, who served with the Wrens during war years, is going completely feminine in her bridal gown after years of wearing a uniform, and chooses cream moire made in an old-world style. Mrs. Robert Noes, who was Helen Basche, lends her veil, and Joan is searching town for fragrant magnolias to carry. Pretty blonde Shirley Wynn Roberts, Joan's sister, is bridesmaid with Lorraine Halse Rogers. They will wear ice-blue marquisette over taffeta. Will Noble and John Lees will attend Bill. Joan and Bill will live at Cootamundra.

**COUNTRY** interest when Margaret Peirce, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Peirce, of Brookvale, marries John Robb, of Hay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Robb, of Lyle, Moulinein, at St. Stephen's. Bridesmaids are her two sisters, Helen and Alison Peirce, and John's sister Sheila.

**FUTURE** home at Winduella Coonaharabran, for Russ Stinson and his bride, former, Dorothy Banks-Smith, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Banks-Smith, of Delaware, Tamworth. Couple are married in Sydney at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Russ is only son of the J. Stinsons, of Naparoo, Coonaharabran.

joyce



**WED AT ST. COLUMBA'S.** Mr. and Mrs. Dick Curran leave St. Columba's Church, Woolahra, with attendants—Dick's brother John, and Pat Phillips. Bride formerly Mrs. Joyce Vickery, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boynton, of Point Piper.

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# WORTH Reporting

**P**ET of the Koala Farm at Adelaide is Curly, the camel who was born there a few months ago.

At least, he's the pet with the humans who work on the farm, but the six other camels, including his mother, have haughtily spurned him.

The director of the farm, Keith Minchin, thinks that the camels don't like Curly because he has had to be bottle-fed since birth and has never really known a mother's love.

At first he regarded the motor car which brought his milk to the farm as his mother, and when it arrived he used to nuzzle up against it and lie down beside the running-board.

From his early days Curly has shown initiative by supplementing his milk diet with any herbage he found round the farm . . . the more ornamental the more appetising. After a few months of this the farm isn't what it was.

Shortly he's to be weaned. Farm director Keith Minchin hopes to make a model camel of him.

"I believe that a camel's reputation for viciousness is the result of rough handling," he says. "Why should this chap be vicious? He's had nothing to make him so."

## Sailor's hobby

**W**E have been initiated into an unusual hobby by an ex-R.N. sailor, Mr. Jack Stott, of Surry Hills, Sydney.

He covers all kinds of pictures with plasticine, giving a sort of bas-relief effect by following the outlines of the drawings. The plasticine is smoothed over with vaseline, and finally a coat of clear varnish.

The finished work looks rather like a painting in heavy oils. "In fact, you could hardly tell it from an oil painting," he said. "I always like to give the frame a bit of a polish with some shoe polish and make it shine."

Mr. Stott tells us he has made beautiful jobs of such varied subjects as scenes showing Norwegian lakes, English seascapes, and Australian gum trees.

Mr. Stott is devoted to his art, and has several enthusiastic pupils.

## Travelling bride

**T**HE Australian bride of an American serviceman has just joined her husband in northern Hokkaido, in Japan, after a nine months' journey of 25,000 miles, according to a report in an American newspaper. She is Mrs. Eldon Gray, formerly Shirley Curtis, of Newcastle, who was married in 1944.

She arrived in San Francisco to find her husband in Fort Lawton, Seattle, just about to be sent off to Japan on special work.

The young couple managed to have a telephone conversation before he sailed.

Shirley was to visit his family in Somerville, and late last year left for Japan with a wardrobe of clothes to suit both the hot and cold climates of the country, because she expects to travel around a good deal.

They are planning a visit to Australia on his first leave, and America on his second.

## Animal Antics



"Yeah, those are cute, but they're the—er—wrong shape."

## Interest in ship

**T**HE captain and officers of the barque Pamir, now in Sydney unloading a cargo of New Zealand timber, are kept pretty busy answering their ship's fan mail.

The letters are considerably varied, ranging from inquiries as to why the tips of the masts are painted white (the answer to that one is just because it looks smart and shipshape) and messages of good luck and welcome.

One letter which is specially prized by Captain Collier comes from a young boy, Errol Tompkins, living at Vaucluse. It reads: "As we are all wearing hand-painted ties in Sydney just now, and as I am a lover of deep-water sailing ships, I thought I would like to paint the Pamir on a tie for you. I hope you will like it."

The tie duly arrived. It is of navy-blue wool, and carries an excellent reproduction of the Pamir in full sail.

**A**merican inventors have produced an electric heating pad with a built-in water reservoir designed for moist-heat treatment in head colds, sinus, migraine, headache, and various other aches and pains.

## Funeral for Fifi

**A** WELL-MEANING father of our acquaintance presented his small daughter Sue with a tortoise, "Fifi," for Christmas.

One evening recently he returned home to find Sue weeping bitterly. He asked her what the trouble was, and between sobs she told him that Fifi was dead.

Daddy explained that Fifi couldn't die, but, sure enough, Fifi lay on her back in the garden apparently lifeless.

Sue could not be consoled until Daddy, in desperation, said, "All right, darling, after dinner we'll wrap Fifi in some black silk, put her in a nice big box with an inscription on it, and lots of flowers, and have a lovely funeral in the garden."

The child's weeping ceased, and after dinner they went back to the garden to collect the remains of poor Fifi, only to find her chattering about as large as life.

Sue stood in grave contemplation for a minute, then said, "Daddy!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Daddy—let's kill her."

## They like air travel

**W**E couldn't help but admire the casual way Mrs. Digby Bull, of Perth, talks about flipping over to Rottnest Island in her husband's plane for an afternoon swim or visiting friends at Watheroo, 150 miles from Perth.

She and her husband like plane travel, and in their Moth Minor recently flew from Perth to Sydney and home again through Melbourne and Adelaide.

Mrs. Bull is a Scotch girl, and met her air-minded husband when she was stationed at Galle, Ceylon, as a signaller in the W.A.A.F. and he was flying Qantas planes.

She has been in Australia less than two months and has already travelled 4000 miles by air.

She is learning to fly, and takes over the plane when it is in the air, but she has not yet learnt to get it off or on to the ground.

On their trip across Australia she made an interesting collection of aboriginal souvenirs to send home to her young brother in Glasgow.

**O**UR London office reports that an ominous notice has gone up in the front windows of 300 council houses in Warwickshire. "On Strike, No Rent," it says firmly.

The tenants are protesting against an overall rent increase which began a few days ago.

The council says that the high cost of repair work is the cause of the increase.

## In search of a cousin

**J**ESS ALAND, an Australian girl working with UNRRA in Europe, has written to us with a request on behalf of a 16-year-old Jewish boy whom she met in the course of her job in Germany.

The lad's name is Mendel Ettinger. He had survived several years in a concentration camp, and was on his way to live with an uncle in Detroit, U.S.A.

He has a cousin, Sigmund Ettinger, born in Dortmund, now working in the leather trade in an Australian city.

Sigmund was the son of Frieda and Leo Ettinger, and Mendel is anxious to hear from him.

"I was in charge of a batch of 16-year-old lads on a train journey," writes Jess.

"They all looked much younger because of their under-nourished years in concentration camps."

"In the camps they used to claim to be much older than they were, for those too young to work went to the gas chamber."

## First catch your flea

**I**F you happen to be thinking of taking up a new profession there are some interesting hints on how to train performing fleas in a B.B.C. newsletter.

The first thing is, of course, to catch the flea, and then put him in a nice little pill-box lined with cotton-wool.

The next step is to take him to a watchmaker, as it is extremely unlikely that you will find a professional flea harnesser in the district, as the craft is nearly extinct.

If the watchmaker has a steady hand, as he undoubtedly will have, he will put a very thin gold wire around the neck of the flea, leaving about an inch and a half of the wire, which will be heavy enough to prevent the little fellow from jumping.

Then you train him to do all kinds of odd things, such as pulling miniature vehicles in harness, fight duels with swords, ballet dancing, trick cycling, firing shots from tiny cannons, walk tightropes, and boxing.

**C**OUNTING the amount of time and money we've spent on having our old prewar cars repaired again and again, and realising just how hard it is to trade them in for new ones, we are inclined to agree wholeheartedly with the slogan of an American second-hand car dealer—"MAKE YOURSELF A WEALTHY PEDESTRIAN BY SELLING YOUR OLD CAR TO US."

It's worth talking about when you find out what tests have proved



**Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter**

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PS 10.74

Next to my bread and jam I like PEARS SOAP



You take no chances with Baby's roseleaf skin when you use Pears Soap. Just hold a tablet up to the light! You can look right into its heart and SEE its purity. Mild and mellow from months of patient maturing, it is a soap you can really trust.



PS 15.27

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## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"The mid-iron—who has it, please?"

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# COMMUNITY FARM TRAINS YOUNG SETTLERS



**LIKE RUTH** in the Bible story, girl farm trainee Esther Feldman gathers wheat for the farm animals, while Marcus Schaester, from Germany, finishes an early breakfast in the communal dining-room.



**MIDDAY MEAL** in the dining-room, formerly an army hut. There are no fixed wages for trainees, but a common pool provides pocket money.



**BOY PUPILS** at the Bachad farm school in Essex piling hay into a haystack. After their farm training, pupils will go on to agricultural college to fit them for the future.



**FROM BELSEN** concentration camp came Chaim Schlamborg, 18-year-old Polish Jew. He is very happy in his new life learning to repair and maintain farming machinery.



**AT RELIGIOUS SERVICE** before breakfast, students, wearing praying shawls, keppels (small round hats), and tephilin (small black box on forehead, black tape round forearm), listen attentively while the Scroll of Law is read.



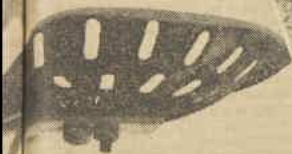
**BREAK** during the morning's haymaking. Living conditions are based on simple needs to accustom workers to a hard beginning in Palestine, where earlier trainees have proved very successful, are in great demand.



# FOR PALESTINE



Peeling machine. After a bright future on the land.



HAPPY young farmers come home across the fields, after a busy day's pea-picking.

+ + +

WHILE controversy rages between various factions about the future of Palestine, a practical organisation is training young Jewish people to begin new lives when they enter the country through legal migration channels.

At Thaxted, Essex, England, 50 Jewish boys and girls—many of whom spent their childhood in concentration camps—are being trained in farming. The farm is run collectively, the trainees living, working, and eating together.

The 380-acre farm is managed by 27-year-old Mr. S. J. Ellern, formerly of Reading University, who is the oldest person at the farm. Training includes practical making and repair of machine parts, electricity supply, roadmaking, and classroom lessons.

The farm is conducted by the Bachad Fellowship, established in 1942 to give moral and financial support to Bachad (a movement of religious pioneers). Its aims are promotion of Jewish religious education and agricultural training for Jewish youth.

The Fellowship has established agricultural centres in various parts of England, including the Institute of Jewish Studies, Manchester, a hostel for young children from concentration camps, youth houses, and harvest camps during the summer under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture.

Honorary officers are: President, Chief Rabbi of Palestine, Dr. Herzog; vice-presidents, Rabbis Dr. Altmann and I. J. Unterman, Prof. Brodetsky; chairman, Oscar Philipp.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 8, 1947



CLASSROOM LESSONS are held on alternate afternoons. Here 24-year-old Herschel Zinger instructs a class. Karla Rath, opposite him at the window, will be his wife in a month's time. The farm has been established for three years, and the Fellowship hopes to open more of them.



THESE ARE DULL DAYS FOR ME! GRITTY CLEANSERS ARE MAKING ME OLD AND SHABBY LONG BEFORE MY TIME



Clean Smoothly with **VIM** NEVER SCRATCHES

SEE ME SPARKLE! I'M ALWAYS CLEANED WITH VIM THANKS TO ITS FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES! STAY LIKE NEW YEAR AFTER YEAR



vm.3.32

# My Heart's at Home

Continued from page 10

**T**INGLING and dripping, she climbed out at last on the wide side of the pool. She broke into the tiny clearing beyond so suddenly that there was no time to retreat. Jane was sitting on the fallen tree by the spring, her face white, tear-marked. She looked at Monica numbly.

"Jane—I'm sorry, I'll go back."  
"No. Sit down. You may as well be the first to know that—that Janie Jackson got her heart broken." She laughed ruefully.  
"I'm so sorry. It's that doctor—"  
"He told me last night," Jane said dully. "It's another girl... The wedding in September. I came running like a fool, didn't I?" Her lips twisted a little. "We were never exactly engaged—"

Monica was holding the dark head quite naturally against her shoulder. She caught the slender body shaking.

"I'll be all right," Jane said after a while, desperately. "All right." She fought to steady her lips. "I know. You go on and cry, Jane. It's the best thing."

"You're a sweet kid." The words came muffled after a long time. "I'm glad you came up—no one else. I couldn't have stood anyone's coming but you." Jane held Monica's fingers lightly.

"You'll think this silly," Monica said timidly. "But your young doctor is alive, Jane. He's back, and he's safe. This sun is shining on him to-day and—if Hal could be here, somewhere—it would be enough for us, wouldn't it? Do you see?"  
"I see a little bit, I'll try to," Jane bit her lips helplessly. "You're brave, Monica. I'm not. It's all show with me. Hal's gone. Now Galen's gone."

"Your dad and I talked about Hal up on the mountain. We felt he will always be here, somehow."

"Dad talked about Hal? That can't be."

They went back along the rough path, their fingers still linked, and all the while Monica talked, her voice warm and aware of Jane's hurt.

"What you do is start putting things in—putting them in where the ache is," she said as they got back to the water. "Right off, and all the time, and steady, Jane."

"The famous Dr. Richards didn't think of that prescription. I'll try, Monica. I'll cover up. Cher is our watchword these days." Jane's lips twisted again. She turned the twist into a painful half-smile. "I'll put swimming in." She dived.

The parade formed at four o'clock at an athletic field on the edge of the town. Hal's father found the car in which Monica was to ride, a convertible with its top down. Three soldiers and a seaman joined her, and one of the soldiers was on crutches. All of them had on campaign ribbons, and one of them wore wings.

Monica sat stiff and silent until she saw that the boys were turning to her with disarming half-grins.

"It's a scorcher, isn't it?" one asked.

"Are you from Normansville?" another put in. "McCabe and I are natives, and we can't place you."

"I came from Australia. My husband was Hal Jackson."

"Oh!" They looked at her helplessly for a moment. "We knew Hal, McCabe and I did. There was no one like him."

They were quiet then for a while, watching the procession assemble.

"I said—the boys' voices came through—I was in Australia three weeks ago. It's still there, Mrs

Jackson. It hasn't changed. I'm Lieutenant Winship."

"You were there?" Her fingers were pressing into his arm. "I have to go back," she said. "I have to go home."

"Sure." His voice was easy. "You're homesick. A lot of us were."  
The parade was getting under way. A breeze had sprung up; it stirred the flags on lawns and at windows. It picked up flower scents and scattered them. The parade moved to the music of the band.

People in groups watched from big front porches or leaned against fences or lined up at kerbstones. To Monica it seemed a sea of faces, old ones and young ones. The people of Normansville in light clothes, their heads bare.

Monica went on watching intently. "That's the high school, Mrs. Jackson." The Yanks' voices came again. "I was in Hal's class, you know, before he went away to school."

But Hal was talking: "It was the day my team won the prize for debating. Six high schools competed, and, gosh, it was different from all the other days. Monica! There was no day like it all the time I was a kid."

There, in that old red brick building, white steps leading up to it, ivy smothering it. The best day for Hal. She was turning to watch the building.

"Look, Mrs. Jackson. There's Ingram's drugstore. Pop Ingram's. It's where we lived after school, just about."

"A funny thing, the way I missed that drugstore, since I've been in the Army. I keep thinking of the chocolate malteds." Hal's words came back to her. "Your first date in the States, baby—it's Pop Ingram's."

She hadn't wanted to go to Pop Ingram's, or even to see it, but there it was now. Its plateglass front gleamed. Her lips were curving gently.

"That's Hal's church." Monica's eyes were hazy; the faces of the people of Normansville, smiling and affectionate and proud, came and went. The Boy Scouts marched sturdily in front of the cars, turning into Commerce Street. Monica closed her eyes. The speech of the boys in the car crackled about her. "Boy, is it hot?" "This hot, boy? You should have been where I was."

"Well, you're home now. You're right on Richter Avenue, brother."

They laughed in short barks. Their talk was like corn popping. The Yank way didn't change.

From her place on the bunting-draped platform Monica watched the people assemble.

She stood erect for the national anthem. She listened while a chaplain spoke to the people of Normansville.

"Did you find them?" Lieutenant Winship was smiling down at her when the talk ended.

"No, I—yes." She pushed her hair back uncertainly. She had been trying to find Hal's people, hadn't she? They were looking up now, their faces easy to read.

All the well-worn words applied to them. Plain, she thought. Good. True. Strong. Strong to root out evil and patient to pay its cost, and the things that Mr. Jackson had seen in the valley would be safe with them. They'd be safe. And if she had been trying to find Hal, too.

The General the valley called Brick was making his short talk. The memorial was dedicated then, and at the end of the final prayer, as at a signal, all the church bells of the town began to ring.

All at once when listening to them Monica felt the first stirring of kinship with these people.

Lieutenant Winship had to touch her on the arm. "I thought I'd lost you. I've been thinking, Mrs. Jackson. How badly do you want to go home? Oh, you don't have to tell me. I know. It would be easy for you to go, you know. I flew the General up last night, and we go back this evening. He would write a letter, the General would. That's all. A plane going—mine, maybe—and there you are. So why not give me your phone number?"

**D**AZEDLY Monica looked at him. "Your phone number," he urged. "If the news is good I'll call you to-night at—"

"It's Elm 0822," Monica said slowly. Lieutenant Winship, his cap over one eye, pushed through the crowd.

A spatter of rain had cleaned the air, leaving it fresh and fragrant, cooler. It was an average summer evening at the Jacksons—Mr. Jackson's pipe smoke trailing on the screened porch, the glider creaking to the rhythm of Mrs. Jackson's knitting. Jane and Carter arguing over a card game, and Marianna tending the record player.

"You were the prettiest girl there, Monica," Mrs. Jackson said.

"Don't mind her, Monica," Jane laughed resignedly. "Her girls always have to be the prettiest everywhere, or else."

"This is an all-Gershwin, Monica," Marianna stood for an instant at Monica's shoulder. "I'm playing all Hal's favorites for her," she explained to the others shyly.

It was like all summer evenings at the Jacksons, but it was different, too. Marianna's look was new. It was a look that was but an hour old. She had asked if she might bathe Roddy and put him to bed, and Monica had gone in to find her holding the baby and looking down into his face. Marianna had lowered her head to brush her eyes with her sleeve.

"You caught me out proper that time, Monica. Isn't that the way you say it? I just that I used to put Hal to bed. I'd hear his prayers. I was so big—seven, and Hal only two."

It hadn't been just walking across a room to Marianna—it had been walking all the long way down a year, to lean with Hal's sister over Roddy's crib.

"I do it too," she'd said softly. "Every night. I tell him about Hal."

"You tell him about Hal? I'm glad, Monica. I thought no one spoke of Hal. All this long time, shutting him out. At first mother couldn't, so we—"

They were pulling the light blanket up, fixing the shades.

"But to-day—Marianna's voice had been softer, quicker—"Oh, Monica, did you hear mother talk about him in the car coming home? Easy and quiet, talking about Hal. We've waited so long. We've come home, Jane and I, acting like goons. I expect—trying to make mother and dad break through, hoping they would—oh, be themselves and just talk about our brother again." Marianna looked at Monica shyly.

"It's as though something happened to-day. I don't know what. It's beginning to be like home again. Do you feel it?"

"I do—feel it," Monica had said haltingly.

The Gershwin programme was over now. Marianna disappeared.

"I'm leaving in the morning after all, mother," Jane said carelessly, intent on her cards. "Galen and I found that the two years had done nothing but let us grow apart. There, Carter—I've got you, got you." Jane spread her cards. Monica went to look at them. She stood for just a moment protectively close to Jane.

She was on her way to the kitchen for more fruit punch when the telephone rang. She put the pitcher down slowly.

"It's Winship," the quick voice said. "I'm talking from where they call their airport out here. It's all set. The Brick will write the letter."

She made it clear to him without speaking too loudly. She made it clear against bursts of piano music.

"I'm staying on, Lieutenant Winship. Roddy and I are staying. We'll go back for a visit some time. We—we belong here—you see. Thank you ever and ever so."

The Jacksons would wait a long time for their fruit punch, probably. Monica had to move to where she could look out at the Jacksons. She had to tiptoe up the stairs to look at Roddy one more time. You have us a good Yank. There was no need to say the words. They were in her heart now.

(Copyright)  
The Australian Women's Weekly—February 3, 1947

## Their number came up in the Housing Ballot



DARLING, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! OUR OWN HOME AT LAST! INSTEAD OF THAT HORRID, UNFRIENDLY BOARDING-HOUSE!



But when they moved in...  
OH, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D CARE TO COME IN AND HAVE A CUP OF TEA WITH ME?



...AND THEN, STRAIGHT AFTER—I SAW HER THROUGH THE WINDOW MAKING TEA FOR HERSELF!



THEN JEAN OVERHEARD...  
...AND HOW DO YOU FIND YOUR NEW NEIGHBOURS?



SO "B.O." WAS THE CAUSE OF OUR LONELINESS! THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN NOW WE'RE USING LIFEBOUY



PAST MIDNIGHT ALREADY! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE WAY TIME FLIES WHEN WE'RE WITH YOU



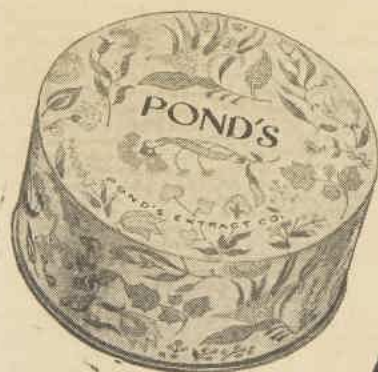
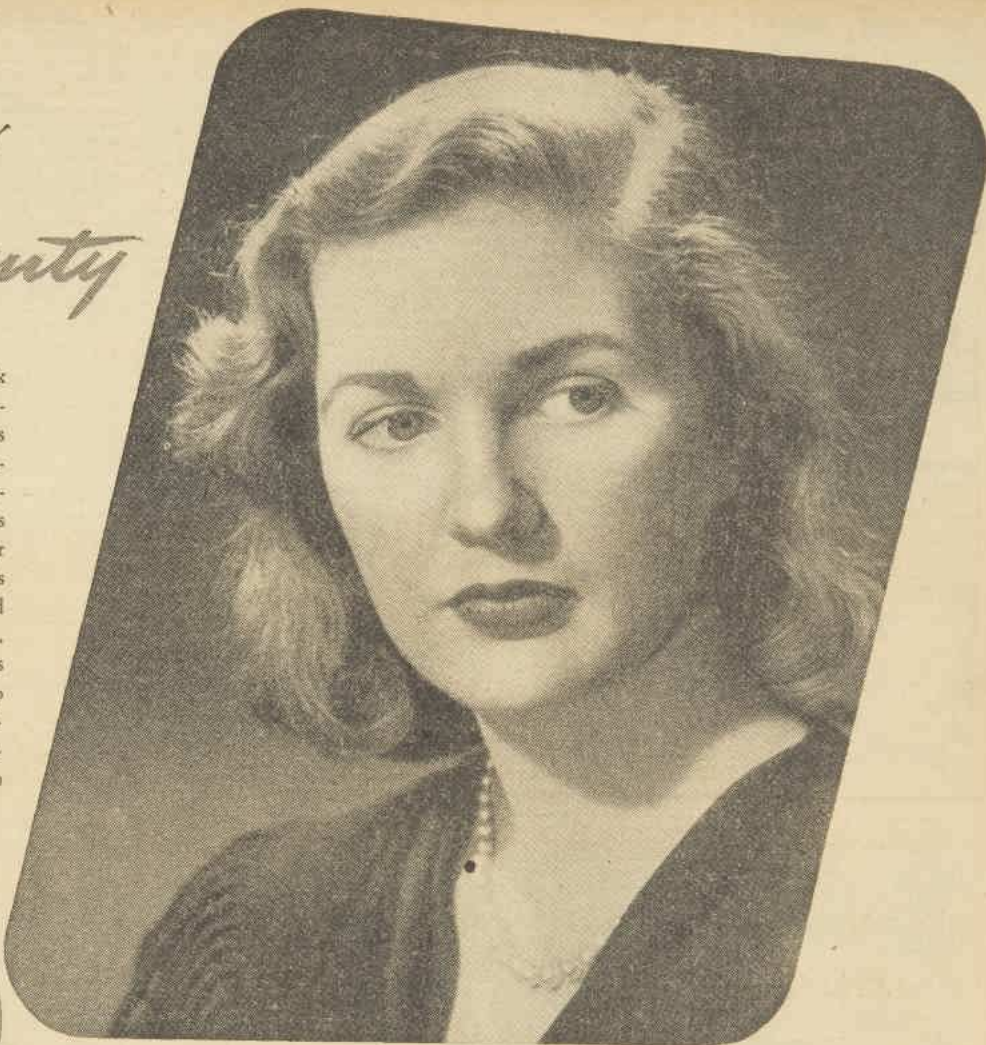
The hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy  
ON HOT SUMMER DAYS YOU PERSPIRE MORE FREELY. THAT'S WHY YOU NEED LIFEBOUY MORE THAN EVER. WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT, LIFEBOUY GIVES LASTING AND ALL-OVER PROTECTION FROM "B.O."

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# American Beauty

MISS CYNTHIA McADOO, New York Society favourite, is a young and outstandingly lovely member of a famous American family — and she has a radiantly fair complexion which she safeguards with Pond's. She says: "It makes a tremendous difference when your make-up really 'goes together' . . . that's why I love Pond's" . . . Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream which smooths skin for powder and keeps your make-up 'just so' for hours . . . and Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder, the thrillingly fine-textured Face Powder which floats an aura of loveliness over your face.



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Use Pond's for the beauty care  
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Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream in large or small jars for your dressing table or convenient handbag size tubes — Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder: small size, 1/8; large size (almost double quantity), 2/10 at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.



Every night, every morning, and for 'freshening up' during the day, smooth Pond's Cold Cream generously over your face and throat. Leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off and you'll revel in the cleanliness and freshness of your skin.



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You'll love the way Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder goes on! So caressingly smooth! So fine textured! And Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder stays on . . . keeps your complexion flower fresh . . . at its loveliest!



## GIBBS-KIDS' KORNER



IS JAKE YOUR HERO?

Jake is a cowboy. He rides the range on a jet-black colt. Do you want to be like Jake when you grow up?



### MOTHER:

Let this story teach your youngsters teeth-care! Gibbs is the most economical dentifrice you can buy. No waste—swell taste. And only 1/3d. for a refill.

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## Busman's Holiday

Continued from page 7

Jim stopped dead in the middle of the block. "I'm very sorry," he said.

The woman got off angrily. Jim said: "Where were we?"

"About the money," Lois said. "Oh, yes. Well, you see before I went away I was—"

He stopped talking because Lois was suddenly standing beside him, one hand gripping his arm, and she was leaning over, staring out the door.

"That man—look, Jim," she whispered. "That man—out there."

"Huh?" he said and looked where she was looking, and saw a man in a bowler hat and a dark coat. He was walking fast, in the same direction the bus was going.

"Jim—" Lois said, and she seemed very excited.

Jim turned his head for an instant, so that he was looking straight at Lois. She had something in her eyes that he had never seen before. It was almost as though she were measuring him, weighing what she saw on an invisible scale.

"Jim," Lois said softly, "will you get that man for me?"

"Get him? What do you mean, get him?"

"Will you grab him for me—and hold him?"

He stared at her a second longer, for the bus was going very slowly now. She wasn't smiling. She was very serious. Suddenly Jim swung the bus to the kerb and stopped it with a jerk.

"I don't know what this is all about," he said. "But if you want that man, you'll get him. Wait here!" He opened the door and leaped out. "Hey!" he yelled at the man.

"Hey, you!" The man turned, so that Jim saw his face. It was scared. Then he began to run.

Before Jim knew it he was half-way down the block. Jim started after him but saw straight away that he hadn't much chance that way. There was only one thing left to do.

In three jumps he was back in the bus. He yelled "Hang on!" and the bus was after the man in the black coat.

The man in the back shouted and the woman screamed. Lois was almost thrown off her feet. The man Jim was chasing turned his head and saw the bus coming after him. He swung round a corner. So did Jim. He was almost up to the man when he swung round another corner. Jim's tires squealed. So did the woman in the back. The elderly man didn't say anything. He was flat on the floor.

"There he goes, Jim!" Lois exclaimed. "He's escaping—"

"No he isn't," Jim said, and shot the bus ahead as fast as it would go. He passed the man, slammed on the brakes and was out of the bus just as the man darted into a doorway between two stores. Jim saw him yank at the door, open it, and disappear.

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 3500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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But Jim was only two leaps behind. He was inside a dark hallway and there was a flight of stairs. There wasn't any other place for the man to go, so Jim ran straight on up the stairs. He finally ran the man down at the end of a blind passageway.

"Look," Jim panted. "I'm not sure what this is all about, but there's a girl in my bus who—"

He didn't get any further, because the fellow had an automatic in his hand, pointing straight at him.

"Well, what do you know," Jim said slowly. "And I thought I had said good-bye to all that. Now let's see, what was it we were supposed to do—"

He did it, very fast. The automatic was on the floor and the fellow was doubled up, moaning.

"Sorry," Jim said. "It was your choice. Let's go for a walk now, shall we? Oh yes, you can walk. You just think you can't. Come on, let's go."

Lois was standing by the bus, waiting for him. She was pale. The other two passengers had disappeared.

"Well," said Jim, pushing the man ahead of him with one hand, "here's what you wanted. What now?"

She stared at Jim, then at the fellow, then back at Jim again. She put her hand to her mouth, and there was a queer, sort of ashamed look in her eyes.

"Jim," she said, low. "Oh, Jim—"

"What? What's it all about? What do we do with him—throw him back? Hey, if this was a test—"

"It wasn't a test," Lois said, still in that low voice. "I really wanted him. He knows why."

"Look, Lois," Jim said, "will you kindly tell me what I'm expected to do with him?"

"Take him to the nearest police station," Lois said, and her voice was suddenly weary. "I'll come with you and make a complaint against him. He's wanted for a series of thefts in those places where you worked when you were repairing radios. This man—Fred Ross is his name—was doing the jobs with another fellow—someone who got into the houses legitimately, then fixed it for Fred to come back at night."

"You see, Jim, I work for an insurance agency. We thought we had this other fellow trailed."

She stopped. For a minute Jim looked at her in amazement. Then he took a deep breath and said very slowly: "So that's what it was all about—the whole thing. That's why you rode on my bus the first day. That's why you faked a fall and a sprained ankle. That's why you went out with me and asked me all those questions about where I got my money. That was why you pretended to like me."

"But Jim, it all fits—those houses where you repaired radios were robbed—the company I work for insures all through that neighborhood—and they traced you—you were living in an expensive place and you had a job as a bus driver, so the company assigned me to—"

"Vamp a confession out of me. Well, you certainly did well," Jim said, and he laughed, but there wasn't any amusement in the laugh.

"You had me fooled. Why, you were so good you even got me to propose to you! Now will you step into the bus, Miss Wingate? I shall be honored to drive the lady detective and her prisoner to the nearest police station."

They came out of the police station and stood for a minute beside the bus. They didn't look at each other. Finally Jim said: "Well, Miss Wingate, I must be about my duties. Good-bye, Miss Wingate," and he tipped his hat and put one foot on the bus step.

"Jim," Lois said, and now she looked at him. "Jim, would you mind very much if I—rode back with you?" Her voice was very humble.

Jim said: "Not at all, Miss Wingate. This is a public conveyance."

He stood aside for her to enter, and then he got in and sat behind the wheel. Lois took the seat behind the driver.

"It may interest you to know," he said, "that this is my last trip. I am leaving the bus company."

"Are you, Jim?" Lois said, and her voice went up eagerly. "What are you going to do?"



"Yes, dear, it's a beautiful cowboy outfit—but did you have to get real spurs?"

"I'm returning to my regular work which is advertising. I have been driving a bus because following my discharge the doctor recommended outside work which would keep me moving and not require too much brain activity. That is also why I took the job as radio repair man. But now the doctor says I have cured whatever ailed me. So you see, Miss Wingate, we have both been going under false pretences."

"Jim, I—Jim—"

Whatever it was she had in mind to say was not said, because Jim had to stop to let a crowd on. During the rest of the run people got on or off at every stop. Jim was kept extremely busy. He was conscious of Lois behind him, but he did not speak to her, and when she rose to get out, he brought the bus to a slow, careful stop at the corner.

"Good-bye, Jim," Lois said in a low voice, and Jim said, "Good-bye, Miss Wingate."

She stepped down, holding to the hand-rail, then took another step and all of a sudden her feet seemed to go out from under her, and she screamed and was down on the ground.

"Lois!" Jim was out of the seat and reaching down for her before anyone else could move. "Lois—are you hurt—did you hurt yourself—"

"Jim," Lois murmured, and her arms went up around his neck, and he was holding her in his arms, and her face was very close to his.

"Jim—darling—don't go away—don't say good-bye to me—I wasn't pretending to—like you—that wasn't pretence—it really wasn't, Jim—"

"Lois," he said, and then his lips were on hers, and for a minute neither said anything, while the people in the bus craned their necks, trying to see through the windows and passers-by stopped and looked on, grinning.

"Please don't go away, Jim—please don't—" Lois was saying, and crying at the same time—"I really tell this time—it wasn't faked—I honestly tell—"

"Yes," Jim said. "Me too. All right—make way, please. Lady's been hurt." He picked her up in his arms. "Put your head up on my shoulder," he whispered. "I'll look more natural that way."

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He says . . . "No wedding till you promise to use RINSO!"

Nothing can equal  
**RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS**  
for a sparkling wash!



GIRLS! USE RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS AND FORGET HARD RUBBING WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS!

AND STARS ABOVE! HOW RINSO SAVES MY CLOTHES! NO HARD RUBBING MEANS I SAVE TIME TOO!

SUCH SUPER RESULTS! LINENS WHITE AS SNOW! COLOURS GAY AS SPRING FLOWERS! AND REMEMBER TO TRY RINSO FOR SPEEDIER WASHING-UP AS WELL!

TRUST ME TO SAVE YOUR FOTS AND PAHS! USE MONKEY BRAND—THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE AND NEVER SCRATCHES





# FINALLY

Mr. Morley drew back satisfied. "Nothing very serious," he declared. "Just a couple of fillings—and a trace of decay on that upper molar. We can get it all done, I think, this morning."

He turned on a switch and there was a hum. Mr. Morley unhooked the drill and fitted a needle to it with loving care.

"Guide me," he said briefly, and started the dread work.

It was not necessary for Poirot to avail himself of this permission, to raise a hand, to wince, or even to yell. At exactly the right moment, Mr. Morley stopped the drill, gave the brief command "Rinse," applied a little dressing, selected a new needle, and continued. The ordeal of the drill was terror rather than pain.

Presently, while Mr. Morley was preparing the filling, conversation was resumed.

"Have to do this myself this morning," he explained. "Miss Nevill has been called away. You remember Miss Nevill?"

Poirot untruthfully assented.

"Called away to the country by the illness of a relative. Sort of thing that does happen on a busy day. I'm behindhand already this morning. The patient before you was late. Very vexing when that happens. It throws the whole morning out." He ground industriously.

"Then I have to fit in an extra patient because she is in pain. I always allow a quarter of an hour in a morning in case that happens. Still, it adds to the rush."

Mr. Morley peered into his little mirror as he ground. Then he resumed his discourse.

"I'll tell you something that I've always noticed, M. Poirot. The big people—the important people—they're always on time—never keep you waiting. Royalty, for instance. Most punctilious. And these big City men are the same. Now this morning I've got an important man coming—Alistair Blunt!"

Mr. Morley spoke the name in a voice of triumph.

Poirot, prohibited from speech by several rolls of cotton-wool and a glass tube that gurgled under his tongue, made an indeterminate noise.

Alistair Blunt. Those were the names that thrilled nowadays. Not dukes, not earls, not Prime Ministers. No, plain Mr. Alistair Blunt. A man whose face was almost unknown to the general public—a man who figured only in an occasional quiet paragraph. Not a spectacular person.

Just a quiet nondescript Englishman who was the head of the greatest banking firm in England. A man of vast wealth. A man who said Yes and No to Governments. A man who lived a quiet, unobtrusive life and never appeared on a public platform or made speeches. Yet a man in whose hands lay supreme power.

Mr. Morley's voice still held a reverent tone as he stood over Poirot ramming the filling home.

"Always comes to his appointments absolutely on time. Often sends his car away and walks back to his office. Nice, quiet unassuming fellow. Fond of golf and keen on his garden. You'd never dream he could buy up half the country. Just like you and me."

A momentary resentment rose in Poirot at this offhand coupling of names. Mr. Morley was a good dentist, yes, but there were other good dentists in London. There was only one Hercule Poirot.

"Rinse, please," said Mr. Morley. "It's the answer, you know, to half the trouble in the world," he went on glibly, as he proceeded to tooth number two. "We don't make a fuss over here. Look how democratic our King and Queen are. Of course, a Frenchman like you, accustomed to the Republican idea—"

"I ah nah a Franhah—I ah—ba a Benyon."

"Tchut—tchut—!" said Mr. Morley sadly. "We must have the cavity completely dry." He puffed hot air relentlessly on it.

"I'm a great believer in the tradition of Royalty myself," he went on. "The training is good, you know. Look at the remarkable way

# One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 9

they remember names and faces. All the result of training—though, of course, some people have a natural aptitude for that sort of thing. I, myself, for instance. I don't remember names, but it's remarkable the way I never forget a face."

He puffed the hot air again, then continued his discourse.

"One of my patients the other day, for instance—I've seen that patient before. The name meant nothing to me—but I said to myself at once, 'Now where have I met you before?' I've not remembered yet—but it will come back to me—I'm sure of it. Just another rinse, please."

The rinse accomplished, Mr. Morley peered critically into his patient's mouth.

"Well, I think that seems all right. Just close—very gently. Quite comfortable? You don't feel the filling at all? Open again, please. No, that seems quite all right."

The table swung back, the chair swung round.

Hercule Poirot descended, a free man.

"Well, good-bye, M. Poirot. Not detected any criminals in my house, I hope?"

Poirot said with a smile: "Before I came up, everyone looked to me like a criminal! Now, perhaps, it will be different!"

"Ah, yes a great deal of difference between before and after! All the same, we dentists aren't such monsters now as we used to be! Shall I ring for the lift for you?"

"No, no, I will walk down."

"As you like—the lift is just by the stairs."

Poirot went out. He heard the taps start to run as he closed the door behind him.

He walked down the two flights of stairs. As he came to the last bend, he saw the Anglo-Indian Colonel being shown out. Not at all a bad-looking man, Poirot reflected mellowly. A useful man—a regular out-post of Empire.

He went into the waiting-room to fetch his hat and stick, which he had left there. The restless young man was still there, somewhat to Poirot's surprise. Another patient, a man, was reading the "Field."

Poirot studied the young man in his newborn spirit of kindness. He still looked very fierce—and as though he wanted to do a murder—but not really a murderer—thought Poirot kindly. Doubtless, presently, this young man would come tripping down the stairs, his ordeal over, happy and smiling and wishing no ill to anyone.

The page-boy entered and said firmly and distinctly: "Mr. Blunt."

The man at the table laid down the "Field" and got up. A man of middle height, middle age, neither fat nor thin. Well-dressed, quiet.

He went out after the boy.

One of the richest and most powerful men in England—but he still had to go to the dentist just like anybody else, and no doubt felt just the same as anybody else about it.

These reflections passing through his mind, Hercule Poirot picked up his hat and stick and went to the door. He glanced back as he did so, and the startled thought went through his mind that that young man must have very bad toothache indeed.

In the hall Poirot paused before the mirror there to adjust his moustache, slightly disarranged as the result of Mr. Morley's ministrations.

He had just completed its arrangement to his satisfaction when the lift came down again and the page-boy emerged from the back of the hall whistling discordantly. He broke off abruptly at the sight of Poirot and came to open the front door for him.

A taxi had just drawn up before the house and a foot was protruding from it. Poirot surveyed the foot with gallant interest.

A neat ankle, quite a good quality stocking for these days. Not a bad foot. But he didn't like the shoe. A brand-new patent leather shoe with a large gleaming buckle. He shook his head.

The woman got out of the taxi, but, in doing so, she caught her other foot in the door and the buckle was wrenched off. It fell tinkling on to the pavement. Gallantly Poirot sprang forward and picked it

up. Alas! Nearer fifty than forty, he thought, as he handed it to her with a courteous bow. Yellow-grey hair—unsuitable clothes. Quite absurdly, he found the words of the childish nursery rhyme running through his mind. "One, two, buckle my shoe."

She thanked him, dropping her pince-nez, then her handbag.

Poirot, polite if no longer gallant, picked them up for her.

She went up the steps of 58 Queen Charlotte Street, and Poirot interrupted the taxi-driver's disgusted contemplation of a meagre tip.

"You are free?"

The taxi-driver said gloomily: "Oh, I'm free."

"So am I," said Hercule Poirot. "Free of care!"

He saw the taxi-man's air of deep suspicion.

"No, my friend, I am not drunk. It is that I have been to the dentist and I need not go again for six months. It is a beautiful thought."

It was a quarter to three when the telephone rang. Hercule Poirot was sitting in an easy-chair happily digesting an excellent lunch. He did not move when the bell rang but waited for his valet, George, to come and take the call.

"Well?" he said, as George, with a "Just a minute, sir," lowered the receiver.

"It's Chief-Inspector Japp, sir."

"Aha?"

Poirot lifted the receiver to his ear.

"That you, Poirot?" a voice asked. "Naturally."

"I hear you went to the dentist this morning? Is that so?"

Poirot murmured: "Scotland Yard knows everything!"

"Man of the name of Morley, 58 Queen Charlotte Street?"

"Yes," Poirot's voice had changed. "Why?"

"It was a genuine visit, was it?"

"Certainly I had three teeth filled."

"What did he seem like to you—manner much as usual?"

"I should say so, yes. Why?"

Japp's voice was rigidly unemotional. "Because not so very much later he shot himself."

"What?"

"That surprises you?"

"Frankly, it does."

Japp said: "I'm not too happy about it myself. I'd like to have a talk with you. I suppose you wouldn't like to come round? I'm at Queen Charlotte Street."

This time, Poirot caught a note of urgency in Japp's voice.

"I'll come at once," he said, and, summoning a taxi, he drove quickly back to Morley's residence.

There were three men up in the second-floor room. Japp looked up as Poirot entered.

"Glad to see you, Poirot. We're just going to move him. Like to see him first?"

A man with a camera who had been kneeling near the body got up. Poirot came forward. The body was lying near the fireplace.

In death Mr. Morley looked very much as he had looked in life. There was a little blackened hole just below his right temple. A small pistol lay on the floor near his outstretched right hand.

Poirot surveyed him in grave silence.

Please turn to page 33

NO ROMANCE...UNTIL  
MY blotchy  
SKIN RASH  
DISAPPEARED

My first big date with Bill went off, because of that ugly rash on my face. Nothing I tried did the slightest good.

Then I happened to meet Jimmy. He said Rexona Ointment had done wonders in clearing up my cousin's rash. So I decided to try Rexona.

Each night I smoothed that ointment on the rough, red patches. In a few days they disappeared and the dreadful redness vanished completely.

Thanks to Rexona Ointment my skin is always clear and smooth now. That's why Bill keeps saying nice things about my complexion!

THE RAPID HEALER  
**Rexona**  
1/6 OINTMENT  
Rexona's SIX healing  
medicaments make it  
the perfect treatment  
for all skin troubles.

# TRANSPORT GOT POOR EDGAR DOWN — THIS IS HOW HE RODE TO TOWN !



2. So from this risk to life and limb  
A bike, he felt, would rescue him



3. But still his troubles did not cease...  
He found that bikes meant dirt and grease



4. Such grime no other soap can move...  
And Edgar's boss did not approve!



5. His job was tottering—almost gone—  
When SOLVOL, Edgar chanced upon



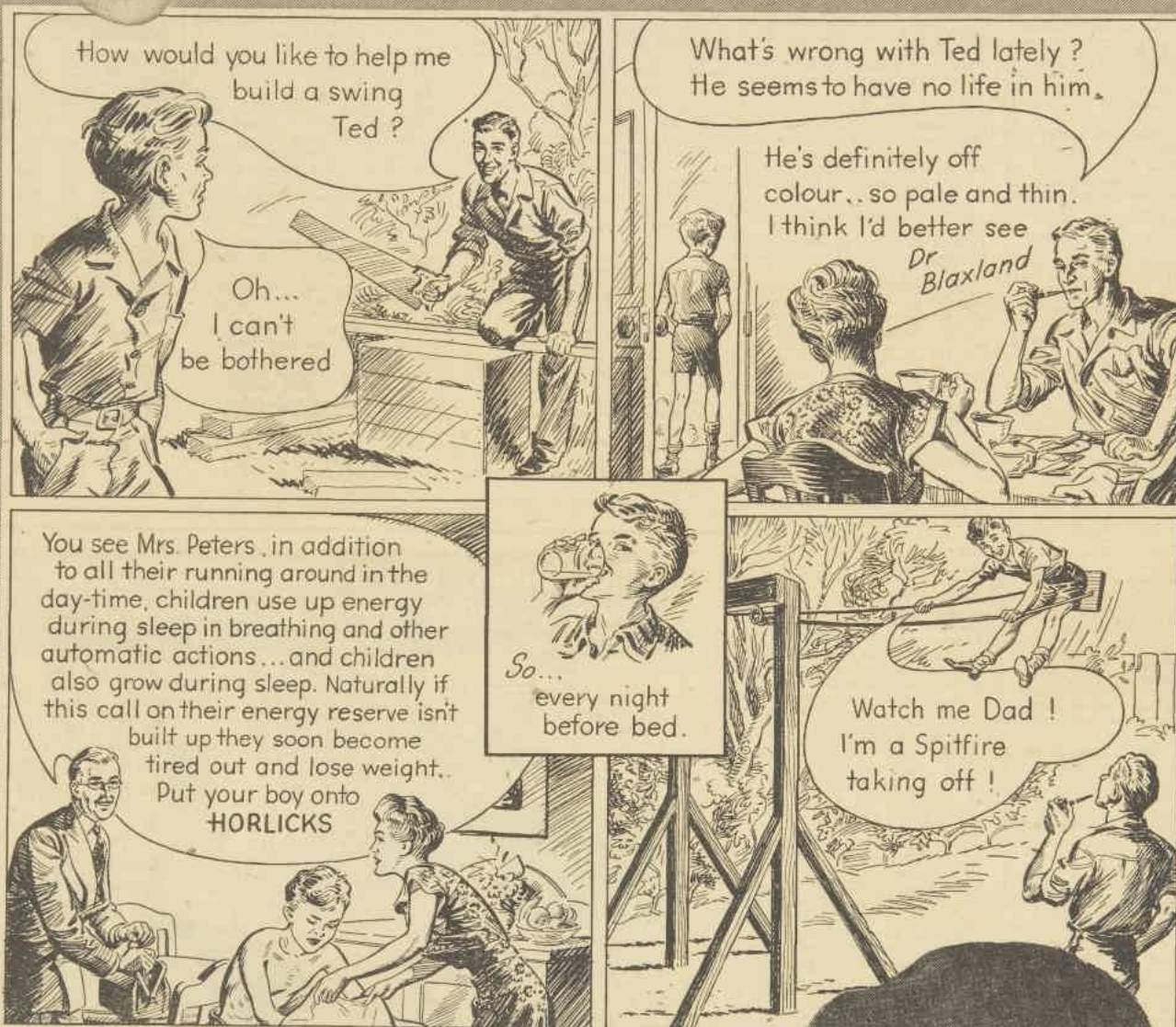
6. And now the firm's ambitious plans  
Are resting in his well-groomed hands!

**SOLVOL SHIFTS GRIME FASTER**





# "Ted had me worried..."



**Each glass of Horlicks \* before bed gives you . . .**

**PROTEIN**—essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities cannot be made good.

**FAT**—almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also a carrier of vitamins A and D.

**CARBOHYDRATE**—chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of particular value to young children.

**MINERAL SALTS**—to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

**CALCIUM**—of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.

**VITAMINS A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and D**—each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.

\* Made with milk.



# HORLICKS

The complete **BALANCED** food drink





# What's on your mind?

## Is this why divorce rate is so high?

**BEFORE** legal wages for wives is seriously considered our maintenance law, which is a disgrace to any civilised country, needs an overhaul.

As it stands now a married man can live with another woman, refute his responsibility to his wife and children and keep the greater part of his salary to himself.

Four years ago, ill and almost a helpless cripple, I was left with three children under 14 years of age and an allowance of £2/15/- per week from a salary of £7/10/-—Our rent was 16/-, medical requisites averaged another 10/- per week.

Desperate and unable to work, I applied to the court. My husband employed a clever and expensive solicitor to argue down any plans I might make on our wretched circumstances.

I was told by the kindly magistrate that a divorce would give me the relief I was seeking, by permanent alimony.

Why should this added indignity be put on a woman to enable her to claim justice?

Perhaps this is the answer to the divorce rate. If a legal wife has no right to receive a settled allowance, why should an ex-wife have the benefit?

Where there are children they should receive the court's first consideration.

1/- to "Won Through," South Arm, Tasmania.

## Country bathrooms

THE question of where to have bathrooms in country homes (Mrs. R. C. Miller, 11/1/47) could be answered by building a washroom outside. There could be a small tank to catch water from the roof, or if there is plenty of water there could be a shower, and the menfolk would only need to use the inside bathroom for baths.

5/- to Mrs. Earle Caldicott, 20 Ballara St., Mile End, S.A.

## One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 31

**A**FTER a couple of minutes, Poirot drew back satisfied. Japp gave an order, and Mr. Morley was taken away. Japp and Poirot were left alone.

Poirot sat down. He said: "Tell me."

Japp pursed his lips.

He could have shot himself. He probably did shoot himself. There are only his fingerprints on the gun—but I'm not quite satisfied."

"What are your objections?"

"Well, to begin with, there doesn't seem to be any reason why he should shoot himself. . . . He was in good health, he was making money, he hadn't any worries that anyone knew of. He wasn't mixed up with a woman—at least," Japp corrected himself cautiously, "as far as we know he wasn't."

He resumed his recital: "He hasn't been moody or depressed or unlike himself. That's partly why I was anxious to hear what you said. You saw him this morning, and I wondered if you'd noticed anything."

Poirot shook his head. "Nothing at all. He was what shall I say—normality itself."

"Then that makes it odd, doesn't it? Anyway, you wouldn't think a man would shoot himself in the middle of business hours, so to speak. Why not wait till this evening? That would be the natural thing to do."

Poirot agreed.

"When did the tragedy occur?"

"Can't say exactly. Nobody seems to have heard the shot. But I don't think they would. There are two doors between here and the passage and they have bales fitted round the

**READERS** are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and £1 for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unsolicited letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Easier to handle

**W**HY don't suitcase manufacturers devise some means of attaching another small handle to a suitcase so that two people can carry it when it is very heavy? How often



one sees two women struggling from trains or buses carrying their case very awkwardly by the one handle.

5/- to Mrs. M. Hogan, 12 Beech St., East Malvern, Vic.

## Mixed teen-age clubs

**I**N reply to Kenneth Wheeler (18/1/47), I would suggest to him that he gather a few friends and begin to build a teen-age club such as he describes. It is useless to wait for someone to do it for you. There are plenty of different organisations who are always willing to help. Remember, though, the committee members elected are volunteers who want plenty of encouragement. Any complaints should be made openly. These people are making sacrifices for others, and the running of a mixed club is no easy task. I know from past experience.

5/- to Miss Wilma Terry, Moonagan, Laura Ave., Hawthorne, Brisbane.

## Telling the world

**R**ECENTLY our Government asked the public to submit designs for a stamp that would advertise Australia overseas. According to people overseas, we already have an imprint on envelopes that is doing more harm than good.

My sister in England told me that early one morning, with heavy frost coating the ground, the postman handed her a letter from Adelaide. Stamped across it were the words: "Prevent bushfires."

When I write to England I always boast Australia; but it's hopeless competing with a machine that tells the world of one of our country's worst faults.

5/- to Syd. Gould, Kincumber, via Gosford, N.S.W.

## Ruthless lopping

**M**ANY roads in Perth have had their beautiful shady trees lopped, so that mutilated, leafless stumps make mute protest. It is time those who attend to such work showed more thought. These grand old trees throw welcome shade; now, instead of being things of beauty, they are unsightly. It will be months before they produce even a few leaves, years before they attain their former loveliness. Why is such destruction allowed?

5/- to Mrs. Bisle, 103 Seventh Avenue, Maylands, W.A.

## Roof that opens

**W**HEN new dance-halls are being built I would like to see them made with glass roofs that could be opened when weather permits to let in fresh, cool, healthful air.

Even when such a roof was closed, dancers would enjoy looking through at the night sky.

In many public halls, despite ventilation regarded as sufficient by health authorities, the air becomes heavy with smoke and unpleasant with the smell of foodstuffs.

Dancing is a splendid pastime, providing people with healthful exercise in a pleasant sociable manner, but can be badly marred by the lack of fresh air.

5/- to Miss G. Boyce, 188 Nott St., Port Melbourne.

## FASHION PROCK SERVICE



"PHYLLIS"

Super frock for you

Fashioned especially for you, "Phyllis" is made in a lovely crepe-de-chine, with a geometrical design scattered all over it. And it comes in lovely colors: Rose-pink with grey, black and hyacinth-blue; blue with grey, red and black; red with grey, black and green; nil-green with grey, black and red.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34 in. bust, 65/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38 in. bust, 72/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34 in. bust, 45/- (13 coupons); 36 to 38 in. bust, 47/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/2 extra.

N.B.—When ordering Fashion Prock "Phyllis," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders, please send your order to: \* Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page. \* C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

## NEEDLEWORK

### NOTIONS

#### No. 820—THIS IS THE SWEETEST FROCK

The pattern for making this frock is clearly traced on a good quality British cambric—a Caesar fabric—and comes to you ready to cut out and stitch together. The colors to choose from are blue, pink, cyclamen, red, orange, or lemon as predominating floral designs on a white background. Sizes 4 to 6 yrs., 10/11 (6 coupons); 6 to 8 yrs., 11/6 (6 coupons); 8 to 10 yrs., 12/3 (7 coupons). Postage 10ld. extra.

N.B.: When ordering Needlework Notion 820, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

#### No. 821—USEFUL TRAY-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

For afternoon tea, this traycloth and matching serviettes would be ideal. They are clearly traced on a good wearing British cotton in white only. They come to you ready for embroidery.

Size, traycloth 17 in. x 11 in., 3/11 (no coupons); serviettes 1/3 each (no coupons). Postage 4ld extra.



## SEND TO THESE ADDRESSES:

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) in "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be obtained from our offices or by post.  
Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4087, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 486W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
N.Z.: Readers use money orders only.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.B.—Overalls (No. 814) for boy or girl and playsuit (No. 815) featured in our issue of January 25 are obtainable ready to wear at prices stated for the traced, ready-to-make articles. All you have to do is to embroider the pocket designs.



Made-to-measure and despatched to  
your own home in ONE WEEK.

# Michelette



## CORSETS - PANTIES - STEP-INS

No matter whether you are an energetic "nineteen" or a placid "forty-five" you need a Michelette to give you just the comfortable support you desire. There's something about a "Michelette" made-to-measure foundation that's hard to duplicate . . . supreme comfort, lasting support, sleek flattering fit; here indeed is perfection in corsetry. Your "Michelette" will be made from selected imported Satins, or Floral Jacquard or . . .

**Important News!** Women anxious to secure traditional Michele quality foundation in a lower price group will be vitally interested in our new BATTISTE MATERIAL! These fabrics make up particularly well and are notable for their exceptional durability, and . . . we have included in our Mail Order All-Elastic STEP-INS. These are made from 100% Natural Rubber, giving you ideal control.

### Personal Fittings at the Michele Salon

Clients are reminded that the Michele Salon on the 4th Floor, St. James Building, offers personal fitting facilities and first class prompt attention. MAY WE SEE YOU SOON?

**Michele Corsets,  
Dept. A, St. James Building, Elizabeth St.,  
Sydney.**



Madam, Here's Your  
Chance . . .  
**Elastic Step-Ins**

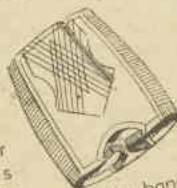
FRENCH TYPE  
HAND-MADE  
ALL ELASTIC  
WITH SUSPENDER,  
LEG BANDS,  
OR PANTIES.

MADE ENTIRELY FROM 100%  
NATURAL RUBBER!!! NO NEED  
TO PUT UP ANY LONGER WITH  
INFERIOR SYNTHETICS!



### Panties

A firm favourite for summer and sports wear. Elastic each side with elastic leg bands.



### Suspender Belts

Every lass that loves dancing needs one of these dancing girdles. Beautifully made and finished with long elastic suspenders.



If you cannot call personally,

**MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM**

To Michele Corsets,  
(Dept. A), St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Please send me Self-Measurement Form.

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(IN CAPITALS)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# TAPESTRY is so REFINED

By AINSLIE BAKER

"LADY AGATHA laid down the piece of fine tapestry at which she had been stitching." . . . "The Marchioness thrust her needle through the piece of fine tapestry that had been lying idle in her hands."

Whichever way you choose to look at it, there's something undeniably aristocratic about tapestry. It has snob value.

Especially if it's fine tapestry.

We have a piece of tapestry in our family, too.

But it's not exactly fine. Our tapestry was begun some 15 or 20 years ago innocently enough by my mother, who for some reason thought it would be nice if she had

something to sew at night.

The time for carefully matching the colors has long since passed.

It is a rather odd square-looking piece of canvas, and none of us can remember what it was originally intended for.

Mother says a firescreen, Laura a stool cover, and I think it was supposed to be framed and go over the sideboard.

The effect produced by tapestry isn't exactly smart—after all, any fool who reads the advertisements in the shiny magazines knows the smartness formula—the three-strand pearl dog-collar, the hovering maitre d'hotel, and the bottle of Chi Chi, Frenay, or Flame in the Night.

Tapestry gives you something else again.

A sort of good old family distinction, an ultra conservatism that goes with having a special pantry for doing the flowers, real leather dog leashes, and never having your photograph taken in a nightclub.



Tapestry gives you a good sort of old family distinction. It is useful when the Canon comes to tea.

## One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 33

thoughtfully: "Then at twenty-five minutes past twelve our dentist is a normal dentist, cheerful, urbane, competent. And after that? Despair—misery—what will you—and he shoots himself. Was it his own pistol?"

"No, it wasn't. He hadn't got a pistol. Never had had one. According to his sister there wasn't such a thing in the house. Of course, he might have bought it if he'd made up his mind to do away with himself. If so, we'll soon know about it."

Poirot asked: "Is there anything else that worries you?"

"Well, there was the way he was lying. I wouldn't say a man couldn't fall like that—but it wasn't quite right somehow! And there was just a trace or two on the carpet—as though something had been dragged along it."

"That, then, is decidedly suggestive."

"Yes, unless it was that dratted boy. I've a feeling that he may have tried to move Morley when he found him. He denies it, of course, but then he was scared. He's that kind of young ass. The kind that's always putting their foot in it and getting cursed, and so they come to be about things almost automatically."

Poirot looked thoughtfully round the room.

At the wash-basin on the wall behind the door, at the tall filing cabinet on the other side of the door. At the dental chair and surrounding apparatus near the window, then along to the fireplace and back to where the body had lain. There was a second door in the wall near the fireplace.

Japp had followed his glance. "Just a small office through there," he flung open the door.

It was as he had said, a small

room, with a desk, a table with a spirit lamp and tea apparatus and some chairs. There was no other door.

"This is where his secretary worked," explained Japp. "Miss Nevill. It seems she's away today."

"He told me, I remember," Poirot said. "That again—might be a point against suicide?"

"You mean she was got out of the way?" Japp frowned.

"If it wasn't suicide," he went on slowly, "he was murdered. But why? That solution seems almost as unlikely as the other. He seems to have been a quiet, inoffensive sort of chap. Who would want to murder him?"

Poirot said: "Who could have murdered him?"

"The answer to that is—almost anybody! His sister could have come down from their flat above and shot him, one of the servants could have come in and shot him. His partner, Reilly, could have shot him. The boy Alfred could have shot him. One of the patients could have shot him."

He paused and said: "And Amberjottis could have shot him—easiest of the lot."

Poirot nodded.

"But in that case—we have to find out why?"

"Exactly, my friend," Poirot agreed gently. "Why? Amberjottis is staying at the Savoy. Why does a rich Greek want to come and shoot an inoffensive dentist?"

"That's really going to be our stumbling block," Japp said slowly, rather unhappily. "Motives!"

To be continued

Still in its own way our tapestry has done a lot to make up for such embarrassing social shortcomings as having no parlormaid, no family silver worth speaking of, and no Chi Chi.

When I am asked to go and stay with smart or wealthy people, I always take the tapestry with me. Not so much because I expect to actually have to do any, as for its morale-boosting effect.

Hostesses after all do expect certain standards of their guests, and my luggage has always been the sort that both my hostess and I would far rather see being carried in the back door than the front.

Tapestry is the sort of thing that you can always TALK ABOUT.

People ask to look at it, and you can say deprecatingly, "Oh, it's just a little FRENCH design—quite ordinary, nothing at all out of the usual."

### Consolation

IF a social climax shows signs of blowing up you can always blow, too, excusing yourself on the grounds that you just must get on with your tapestry.

When Laura was trying to go on the stage and had to go to auditions at theatres, she always made mother go with her and take the tapestry.

She said that if you didn't land a part, it was some consolation if the people who did knew that you had a mother who did tapestry.

As a matter of fact I have never actually found out how you DO tapestry, as one very peculiar section of the background bears witness.

I was under the impression that tapestry was the same as cross-stitch. Which it appears it is not.

I was brought to this pass by the comments of a witch-like cousin of the people with whom I was staying.

She kept saying, "I can't imagine why you bothered to bring that thing with you, as you never do any of it. Dear Mrs. So-and-So now is such a KEEN needlewoman. As far as I can see you just leave it about where it gets in everyone's way."

Mrs. So-and-So might have been keen, but I'm not so far off the beam myself, I hope, that I don't know a twisty one when it's bowled to me.

That's when I did the corner in cross-stitch.

That was the only occasion when I have had to do any of it. At all other times all you have to do is HAVE it and murmur that your eyes simply won't stand up to any more strain, or that you have run out of the blue.

Once, when the Canon came unexpectedly to tea, we rather felt our position until mother suddenly remembered that the tapestry had been stuffed away behind the second line of books in the bookcase.

Our visitor was obviously used to going to tea with NAÏCE people who did tapestry, and unbent sufficiently to tell us about the time he had led a rag at Oxford.

My sister Laura can't do tapestry properly either.

But once when she was being proposed to by a Swiss suitor she began to stitch madly in her agitation.

She didn't accept the Swiss. But she made an awful mess of a pink columbine.

Most of the work to date has been on the sage-green background.

This is partly because we all like green and partly because it is easier to just keep on filling in than to do any of the design part.

And once when I had said I would go out with a simply terrible man,

just because I had the tapestry in evidence when he called for me he behaved like a lamb and said that if he could use the telephone he'd cancel the table and perhaps father might care for a good cigar.

People have a respect for tapestry that they haven't got for lazy-daisy suppercloths or parachute silk seat-ties.

You can nearly always be sure of one of the better tables or a seat next to the window if it is known that you are engaged on a work of such an aristocratic nature.

### Introduction

WHEN our Airedale dug up all the next-door people's newly planted gladioli bulbs, mother got out the tapestry and, first thing we knew, our neighbor was asking mother's advice on what her husband should wear to Government House.

Father is the only member of the family who at some time or other hasn't made use of the tapestry.

I don't doubt that he would often have liked to, but for some reason, unless you are of Royal blood, doing tapestry looks rather silly in a man.

Still in a roundabout way, such as our standing in the neighborhood, and in the eyes of the wives of important business associates, he's benefited quite a lot.

Sometimes it is lost for months at a time, and when somebody wants it to boost up their social rating the whole family has to turn to and try to remember who was in a tough spot last.

Once it was lost for nearly a year, and turned up in Laura's hat box, where she had put it coming home from a week-end party with some people who had two Rolls Royces and a cabin cruiser.

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





# Two versions of Carmen for Rita Hayworth

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Rita Hayworth and her husband, Orson Welles, who is writer, producer and director of the Columbia film "Lady from Shanghai," and plays a leading part in the picture as well, plan to film English and Spanish versions of "Carmen" in Mexico.

I saw Rita in the hairdressing department when she came in for a haircut, which she undergoes every three days in order to keep her short newly blonded curls the right length for her current role.

**T**ANNED and glowing from six weeks in the Mexican sun, where they were on location for many scenes of "Lady from Shanghai," Rita told me, "I adore Mexico."

"Orson and I have talked over plans for returning there when he finishes his film in England for Alexander Korda, titled, 'Salome,' perhaps three months from now. 'We want to make two versions of 'Carmen' simultaneously.'"

Rita's brown eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as she continued: "Using the same sets, we will make an English scene, and then, with Mexican actors, we will reshoot the scene in Spanish."

"I will do the Carmen role in both films, as I speak Spanish fluently, but each other role will be filled by two actors, thus doing away with the necessity of translating the film into Spanish."

Before all this Rita will pack her bags for her first trip to Europe.

"While Orson works I hope to visit Italy, France, and Spain with my friend, Mrs. Joseph Cotten. 'I am particularly interested in

visiting Seville, in Spain, where my father was born."

"Father introduced me to Mexico too, when I was a child, and I think that my childhood remembrance is largely responsible for my love of that country to-day."

While Rita spent six weeks in Mexico she got new ideas for decorating her house, and has since redone her study from early American furniture to a typically Mexican style.

Rita brought trunks full of household goods from Mexico, including a box of toys for her baby.

Two-year-old Rebecca has a diminutive replica of Rita's favorite Mexican costume.

Mother and daughter are a charming sight in full peasant skirts, bare midriffs, hand-made lace bodices, Rita so very blonde and Rebecca with tight black curls.

For Rebecca's birthday, Rita gave her a set of Indian child's jewellery, which consisted of a necklace and bracelet of carved wooden painted horses.

While she was away Rita wrote between twenty and thirty postcards daily to her daughter.

"Half of them were in French, as Rebecca has a French governess, and I wanted her to read them to baby." Rita admits that her French needs improving, but speaks it fairly well.

Rita said that the most exciting part of the location trip was spent aboard Errol Flynn's yacht, which Columbia rented complete with Captain Flynn and eight crew members. The company did much of the shooting off the coast of Acapulco.

Water scenes were called for, and Rita did much swimming round the yacht.

"I am a fair swimmer, so was not afraid, but I was assigned a Mexican boy, a former Olympic swimmer, who was equipped with a spear and kept just beyond camera range, ready to dash to my rescue if any savage barracouta snapped at me," she said.

The glamorous star admits that being married to a man who combines so many talents does not give them much home life.

When Rita arrived home she gave a grand party for her baby's birthday, and invited Lana Turner's girl Cheryl, Fred MacMurray's boy, Jeff Donnell's boy, and Deanna Durbin's daughter to help celebrate.

As I left Rita to the hairdresser's ministrations she said: "I am letting my hair grow red again when 'Lady from Shanghai' finishes."

Until they start for Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles will spend most of their lives' before the cameras.



RITA HAYWORTH'S famous long red hair became a shingle bob recently at the hands of Helen Hunt, Columbia's head hair stylist. Rita's husband, Orson Welles, watched the operation, and Rita later became a blonde for "Lady from Shanghai," in which she co-stars with Orson.

## Film Reviews

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

#### ★★★★ BLUE SKIES

THERE'S so much to make up for the negligible plot of Paramount's lavish technicolor musical that it provides a grand evening out for the whole family.

Bing Crosby sings Irving Berlin's songs as only Bing can do, and his pleasant personality walks right out from the screen to you. Then there is Fred Astaire making what is said to be his last film, and dancing magnificently. The slick technique of one scene when Fred does a simultaneous dance with a dozen reproductions of himself is a winner.

Joan Caulfield's blonde beauty is incredible, but this young actress has a definite character of her own that goes beyond the chocolate-box glamour of many other girls. Look for her in future films.

Certainly not the least to assist at this film banquet is Billy De Wolfe. His impersonation of a slightly tipsy suburban matron celebrating her eighteenth wedding anniversary is the funniest single act to hit the screen for a long time. His sole "prop" is a crazy green felt hat trimmed with flowers.

Dancer Olga San Juan also has her best film chance to date, and she doesn't let it slip.

You will find yourself leaving the theatre singing nostalgically any one of the dozen or more Berlin songs which are included.—Prince Edward, showing.

#### ★★★★ FOREVER IN LOVE

THIS is the story of an American serviceman's return to normal life from the Valley of Despair. Blinded on Guadalcanal, he joins his sweetheart, is emmeshed by pride, bitterness, self-pity, and fury, but wins through.

Warner's film is founded on the true story, "Al Schmid, Marine," written by Roger Butterfield. Perhaps because it is a true story it has the ring of complete sincerity. What makes it so moving, so heart-warming, is the vivid struggle of the blinded man, the loyalty of his friends.

You forget the nationality of this man. He is any soldier in any country, back from the wars, desperately in need of human help.

Producer Jerry Wald has made this tale into a grand and deeply absorbing film. John Garfield as the soldier could scarcely be bettered, and Eleanor Parker as his sweetheart is completely satisfactory in a difficult role.—Empire, showing.

#### ★★ A PLACE OF ONE'S OWN

THERE'S a surprise in store for James Mason's admirers when they see him in this GBD production, which is a ghost story—without a ghost.

Jimmie is disguised with a droopy moustache and grey hair, and he is no dashing hero or swarthy villain. He plays the role of a kindly, middle-aged suburbanite, and deserves more credit than he probably will get.

Margaret Lockwood and that brilliant little actress Barbara Mullen share the feminine honors. Miss Lockwood is the sensitive girl whose health is affected by "feeling" the presence of a ghost in a house which is the home of her employers, Mr. and Mrs. Smedhurst.

Mason and Miss Mullen play the Smedhursts to perfection.

This unusual vehicle for England's topline star was written by Osbert Sitwell.—Embassy, showing.

#### ★★ I SEE A DARK STRANGER

THE team of Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat have turned out a bright and unusual comedy thriller starring lovely Deborah Kerr and



FRANK SINATRA listens with critical ear to the singing and playing of Peter Lawford on the set of MGM. Both will appear soon in "It Happened in Brooklyn."

Trevor Howard. Released by Fox, the film gives Miss Kerr a good role as the British-hating Irish girl who thinks the war is a chance for her to get off an inherited grudge against England by helping the Nazis. After being involved with a gang of Nazi spies, and meeting personable Trevor Howard in the role of English Captain Baynes, the stubborn Bridie Quilly sees the error of her ways, and does her best to amend her former mistakes.

Done in light-hearted manner, and with a competent cast to carry it out, the story moves along briskly and holds interest.—Eclipse, showing.

#### ★ SCANDAL IN PARIS

IN spite of its provocative title, this United Artists release is pretty dull. While Carole Landis is a glamorous blonde, her acting talents are certainly not equal to the strain put on them on this occasion.

Suave George Sanders is the French criminal Eugene Francis Vidocq, who eventually becomes Chief of Police in Paris in Napoleonic times. His transition from crime to reform is the basis of the story in which Signe Hasso and Carole Landis play their parts. Miss Hasso has been given little chance, and Miss Landis mostly wanders round dressed in a fashion suitable only to the boudoir on the warmest summer day.—Century, showing.

#### ★ TWO SMART PEOPLE

MGM have failed in this would-be slick melodrama to deliver the goods. Starring Lucille Ball and John Hodiak, and featuring Lloyd Nolan, the idea of the yarn was good but the cast has a hard job trying to overcome the difficulties of heavy-handed direction and a poor script.

Hodiak is the confidence man who determines to have a series of baquets in the last five days he has before going to gaol. He is trailed on his gastronomical tour by Miss Ball and Nolan, who are trying to recover stacks of bonds he has hidden.

The sprightly Miss Ball and Hodiak make a good team, and Nolan, of course, is never known to do a poor job.—Capitol, showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 8, 1947

**Jill said...**

*"What a boney of a swim suit Betty!"*

**But she meant**

*"Jeepers—if I had those blotchy shoulders, I'd wear a neck-to-knee number!"*



• REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Terabinth, and Borney Acetate—all recognized valuable skin medicaments.

"Showing shoulders" is high fashion. Make sure yours are free from spots and blotches by using

**REXONA**  
MEDICATED SOAP

DON'T BE A HALF-WAY BEAUTY... the type who cares for her face, and ignores shoulders and back. You can be lovely all over so easily by the regular use of Rexona Soap. Rexona is specially medicated with Cadyl to clear away the impurities that cause pimples and blackheads... dull and lifeless skin. It tones up the pores—makes all of you romantic.

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# Confidence

AND WHAT IT MEANS TO *you!*

**HAPPY SUMMER DAYS . . .** Thrill to the call of the open road! Carefree! Full of *confidence!* Place your confidence in the better-balanced formula of *genuine* Vincent's A.P.C. Powders and Tablets. For the safe, sure relief of Summer Headaches, Fatigue and that tired, listless feeling, take Vincent's A.P.C. Vincent's is prepared to the *original* hospital prescription first used by the Medical Superintendent of one of Australia's largest public hospitals. Vincent's A.P.C. is the best that science can produce!



**TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE**  
For Summer Headaches, Heat Exhaustion, Summer Fatigue, Listlessness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and all Nerve and Muscular Pain!

*The Famous PINK Powders & Tablets!*

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# VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"



In Victoria South Australia & Tasmania Ask your Chemist for Vincent's Powders or Tablets





She got rid of unwanted

## HAIR the safe, pleasant way

Nothing repels a man more than superfluous hair on skin that should be satin-smooth and feminine. Remove it safely, pleasantly—with New Veet! Unlike the razor, which makes hair come back thicker than ever, New Veet gets to work below the skin surface and actually weakens growth. New Veet is now in powder form—you simply mix it with water, apply the delicately scented paste . . . wash off after 4 minutes. You'll be enchanted by the velvety smoothness of your skin. From Chemists.

# VEET

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## TIRED OUT WITH HOUSEWORK AND SHOPPING

Win new energy through extra minerals in BIDOMAK. Get rid of nerves, run-down feeling or depression. Build plenty of rich, red blood. 14 days, no-risk test will prove it.

When life is getting you down friends will say you need a rest and a change. But the best change you can get is right in your own blood stream! Pack it with new, rich, red blood cells and life-giving minerals—through BIDOMAK—and you'll find sparkling new life coursing through your veins. BIDOMAK is guaranteed to make a new woman of you in 14 days, or cost you nothing—and here's the reason.

### BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS.

Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vital to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body. A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling", brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

### NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

**QUICK IMPROVEMENT.** BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY" for Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed" Feeling



# Bidomak

## The Perfect Marriage



**1 WEDDING ANNIVERSARY** after ten years for Dale Williams (David Niven) and his wife, Jenny (Loretta Young), is celebrated at home with daughter Cookie (Nona Griffith).



**2 ARRIVAL OF VISITORS** starts discussion on their marriage when Dale's lawyer friend Addison (Jerome Cowan) expresses surprise that they are not bored by each other.



**3 AT BREAKFAST** next morning Jenny tells Dale she considers his cool reception of their visitors the night before was too noticeable, and they start a real argument in which neither will give way. Even Cookie cannot reconcile them.



**4 TELEPHONE** message to solicitor is made later by Jenny, who tells him she wants a divorce, as Dale is a bully.

### First postwar film for David Niven

DAVID NIVEN, one of the most popular English actors both in America and England, was given the co-starring role opposite Loretta Young in Paramount's comedy-drama, "The Perfect Marriage." It was his first postwar film and his first in America for eight years.

It was a tragic coincidence that soon after the completion of the film Niven's own happy marriage was broken by the accidental death of his lovely wife, Primula.

He is expected to return to England soon for the starring role in an Alexander Korda production.



**5 VISIT TO HOUSE** of Jenny's former admirer Gil (Don De Fore) only adds fuel to fire of Dale's annoyance and he rushes out to night-club.



**6 ACCIDENT** to Jenny brings Dale back in hurry and both decide that row was storm in teacup and their marriage is still really perfect.

As Soft as a Cloud

Modess

Modess

For Economical Hygienic Protection, ask for

Modess Sanitary Napkins 1/3 1/2 Box of 12

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON AND JOHNSON

## TIRED KIDNEYS OFTEN BRING Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have disturbed nights. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't delay. Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

**DOAN'S** Backache Kidney Pills

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THE BRIGHT COLOURS of summer  
symbolise the spirit of gaiety and holiday  
— Cyclax expresses this glowing  
mood in a lovely new make-up  
colour — "SUMMER GOLD" designed  
to impart a warm radiance to your skin  
and subtly enhance your suntan.  
You need only two preparations  
— "Summer Gold" Day Lotion, a liquid  
film which you apply with your  
fingertips for a smooth, non-greasy  
undertone, and "Summer Gold" face-powder,  
to add the golden bloom of a  
peach to your summer loveliness.  
With "Summer Gold" you may use  
any Cyclax Rouge and Lipstick —  
but either Brilliant or  
Wild Poppy is recommended.



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day lotion and face powder



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BRISBANE—Commercial Bank Chambers, 230-243 Queen Street B 3983  
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Let your thoughts flow through a

**Wyvern**  
BRITAIN'S PERFECT PEN  
FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY

## The Doctor Answers

### ABOUT BACKACHE:

Patient: "Why do so many people suffer with Backache, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Because your back muscles are working constantly holding up your body, any extra strain is quickly felt; again, uric acid and other poisons often collect in these muscles if your kidneys and bowels are not functioning well and correctly."

Patient: "But, why, Doctor, do these poisons in the blood so often affect the muscles of the back?"

Doctor: "For the reason I gave just now—you feel the effect of these blood poisons in the weakest or most overworked parts of your body first. If you feel the effects in your back muscles, you can be sure they are everywhere in your muscles and joints, and the sensible thing to do is to get rid of these poisons as quickly as you can."

If you suffer from Backache, rheumatic pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, neuritis, gout, or similar aches and pains, you will be delighted with the relief and renewed energy Menthoids will give you. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain Thionine—the great blood medicine which does so much to drive out these crippling poisons from your blood, strengthen your kidneys and tone up your whole system.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store, or a postal note to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring you Menthoids by return mail.



**MENTHOIDS for BACKACHE**

BACK VIEW of this cleverly designed home on two levels is shown right. Terrace opening from bedroom, lower floor, can be used as a children's play area; windows of kitchen, living-room overlook this area.

## House is planned for a sharply sloping site

● It's easier to plan and build a house on the level than to design and build a really livable one on a sharply sloping lot.

AS you all know there are innumerable building sites well off the level in this land of ours.

So, in order to help those of you who own a block that faces south and falls sharply away from the street or road (and which is also running down hill), a woman plans what she considers to be an ideal little home.

To keep excavations as well as foundations to a minimum, the house is planned on two levels, with an entrance on the street level.

Six wide steps flanked by a flower window lead up into the large living-room, which is open towards east and north.

Combined with the handrail to these steps is a built-in table and seat for meals.

Adjoining it, the kitchen is open to both south and north (with a covered verandah on this side).

Although narrow, the kitchen offers ample and well-lit working space. Part of this is widened towards the verandah side, thus forming a breakfast counter which may be used from both verandah and kitchen.

Trades entrance is through the

laundry, which also includes space for ironing.

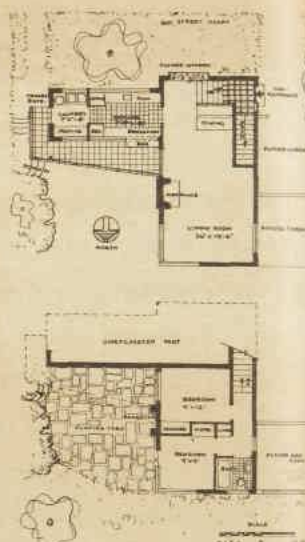
Further steps lead from the entrance level down to the bedroom floor. The bedrooms are built under the living-room, while space under kitchen and dining corner are left unexcavated.

There are two bedrooms separated by wardrobes over full width.

The children's bedroom has direct access to large play-yard, which is partly covered and can be supervised from kitchen and living-room.

Provision has been made in the planning for extensions covering garage, extra bedroom, and terrace (on first floor level), with an additional floor space of 300 to 400 square feet.

Present floor area is approximately 1160 square feet; top 795 square feet; lower level 360 square feet.



PLANS showing disposition of rooms; dotted lines indicate future extensions.

### Forty-five modern home plans for 1/6

PUBLISHED by The Australian Women's Weekly, "Home Plans," a 68-page book of modern homes, is available from our offices and from newsagents for 1/6. Postage is free.

In this very fine book will be found the designs of foremost Australian architects noted for their freshness and originality. Featured as well is the brilliant designing of American architects.

Whether you propose building a small home, an expandable house for growing family, a country or holiday house, or a two-story dwelling, you'll find this book of plans an invaluable guide.



**British Chief**

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

THANK YOU DOCTOR

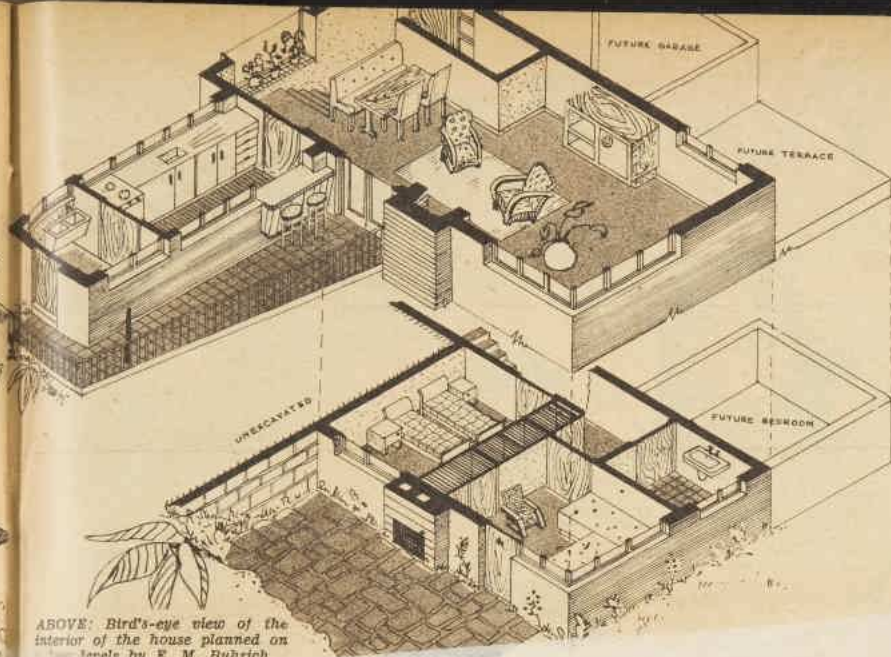


Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

**2/6 Everywhere**  
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.S.4

**FORD PILLS**





ABOVE: Bird's-eye view of the interior of the house planned on levels by E. M. Buhrich.

### Miss Precious Minutes says:

APPLY your handkerchief to your face... of course, to wipe away perspiration... but also to absorb the excess of sebum which is the cause of blemishes and blackheads.

PURCHASE your white rubber... that is, the one which is used for... between two damp, slippery... with a little oil.

If a glass stopper is hard to remove, let a few drops of glycerine soak between stopper and neck of bottle.

I'M told that if you add a pinch of salt when cooking fruit you'll need less sugar.

MILDEW—it's one of the hardest stains to remove, but here is one very good remedy: Soak the article in sour milk overnight; then put it out in the sun all day. Repeat the process if necessary.

DON'T risk precious glassware—slip it into washing-up water edgewise. Plopping it flat into hotish water is likely to crack it through too sudden expansion.

WHEN it's wool a scorch mark that has not burned the material too deeply can be removed by rubbing the spot gently with a fine emery board.



IS YOUR leather handbag looking shabby? Well, smarten it up and give it a new lease of life by rubbing over with egg-white whisked to a stiff froth. When dry, apply a coat of the best floor polish you can buy and then polish to perfection with a soft, dry cloth.



YES, you can pour liquid from a large bottle into a small one without spilling a drop. Details below.

LAY an ordinary wooden matchstick across the opening in the can or bottle you want to pour from. Clamp down on the match with your forefinger and pour slowly. Fluid will trickle down the matchstick, so hold the receptacle directly under the end of the match.

## REDUCE—

YOUR WAIST  
and HIPS  
3 INCHES  
IN 10 DAYS  
with the  
SLIMFORM  
GIRDLE

Read...  
how Miss Joan Healy  
reduced her hips  
6 inches



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the Gentle & effective Laxative



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**SOFTER HANDS**  
the new quick way

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**HAND JELLY**

Easy to use—fragrant—readily absorbed leaving no greasy, sticky feeling—softens the hands, prevents chapping and roughness—helps stop chilblains. Obtainable everywhere.

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# WE'VE GOT THAT **PERSIL** DAZZLE!



It's Persil's oxygen  
that puts the **PERSIL DAZZLE**  
in all your wash!

*Dad has it    Sis has it    Mum has it*

Yes siree! Pop's shirt has Persil dazzle PLUS! Makes old Mr. "Dirty-White" next door look dull as yesterday's news! Persil's baby-gentle suds are charged with oxygen. They give the whitest whites because they shift dirt—not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it!

Tess collects playtime grime like other kids collect foreign stamps. But Mum doesn't worry. She soon puts the Persil dazzle in that pert little print. Yes, Persil scotches school and playground dirt quicker than a wink!

Chirps this dazzle-happy housedame: "Persil takes the frazzle out of washdays . . . puts in the dazzle." Persil's the best news for women since short skirts. It gives the brightest wash because it gives the cleanest wash. Sure, Persil dazzle's here to stay!



**YOU TOO CAN HAVE THAT  
PERSIL DAZZLE!**





TWO SMART YOUNG MODERNS posing on their own doorstep—the picture of health, charm, and clear-eyed confidence in the future.

## Help with your beauty problem

★ Have you a special beauty problem? I'd like to help anyone who has.

Now, don't ask me what color make-up you should use. Letters can't settle that; you must go to your nearest cosmetic counter for face-to-face advice.

I cannot promise to answer every letter, but I've always found that large numbers of women have the same problem in common, so it isn't really necessary to give individual answers. Each month I'll select the most representative questions and discuss them. You're sure to find your problem among them.

Here's what you do. State your problem. Write your name and address clearly on each page. I will treat all letters as confidential, so give me a nom de plume or initials to use if I publish your problem.

Address your letters to  
Carolyn Earle, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Little-girl loveliness

By  
**CAROLYN  
EARLE**  
Our Beauty  
Expert

THE carefree pigtailer, junior-miss, and sub-deb. of to-day should never cease giving praise for having arrived in this old world during the last two decades. Why? Because most bright, young mothers of to-day have acquired a keen appreciation of the importance of health, attractiveness, and intelligence in the girl-most-likely-to-succeed blueprint, and encourage in every way the natural development of little-girl loveliness in shining curls, gay ribbons, and pretty frocks, knowing that kind of self-interest can be gradually moulded into lifelong fastidiousness in grooming.

Child psychologists tell us that training in that all-important first thing—cleanliness—can be manoeuvred practically painlessly by intelligent mothers to include the bath, hair-brushing, teeth-cleaning, nail-scrubbing and cleaning, via the "game" approach, with her own prettiness as inspiration, and a reward-in-kind for honest effort.

For instance, have you ever seen the little girl who doesn't love to fuss around with the boxes and bottles of sweet-smelling stuff found on dressing-table and in bathroom?

I never have.

So perhaps the use of mother's pet soap, or bath salts, or talcum powder one day in a week of scrupulous grooming would be the incentive.

Hair that starts off spanking clean and healthy will always remain so; continuous care of baby teeth helps produce strong second teeth; little girls who learn to clean their nails when they are three will be much less likely to bite them when they are six. And that same girl of six, allowed to take her own small part in the weekly wash, with dolls' clothes, hankies, and her own socks to launder, will be more interested and capable at sixteen in keeping her belongings spick and span.

## IN MIDDLE LIFE THE BODY NEEDS HELP

Are you a sufferer of Rheumatism, joint pains, dizzy spells, bladder weakness with annoyance at night, neuritis, vague pains in various parts of the body, weakness and loss of mental alertness, "nerves," etc.? Any of all these symptoms constitute conditions which mar the well-being of middle age. They are danger signals. Often their attack is slow, but they may be acute; they manifest themselves in varying degrees of discomfort, and if allowed to go unchecked chronic conditions may result. Trauma will often arrest these hyper-plastic and inflammatory conditions, bringing the body to rest, and allowing Nature's own repair forces to bring about a speedy return to health and vigour.

HORMOGENE is a preparation you can take with confidence. It has brought relief to hundreds of middle-aged people throughout Australia. Hormogene is a real surprise which acts through the blood on the nervous system. Send 2/- today and a trial course of Hormogene will be forwarded to you, and you can prove it for yourself.

HORMOGENE LABORATORIES,  
Suite 2007, 185 Elizabeth St., Sydney.  
N.S.W.

## LEAVES NO LIP-PRINTS

## It's Wonderful ! everything looks New



### Shabby damaged Bags gleam like new leather!

It's a fact! You should see them as they come in—worn, wrinkled, shabby, damaged. But then they go through the process—individually cleaned, expertly repaired, and then on goes the plastic-leather dye spray. Done by hand, it gives the surface of NEW Leather. ANY colours (yes, white, too). ANY repairs. New plastic handles, zippers mended. No bag too far gone! And prices so reasonable.

### Gloves repaired, re-dyed, brilliantly renewed!

As different as chalk from cheese from the old, plain way of re-dyeing. These never looked NEW. But our plastic dye gives that smooth, gleaming surface all over again. Repairs are done with the very stuff used in new gloves—you couldn't tell! Australia's cleverest needlewoman at work! Don't think your gloves are too shabby or old—we take a pride in making them shop-fresh again.



### Dolls too, made like new. No dolly is beyond hope!

When tragedies happen to dolls, a repair is far better than a new, unloved doll to replace the old favourite. The doctors at the Doll Hospital have never lost a case yet! Faces re-painted by hand—and the original expression is faithfully kept. New wigs, new faces, new limbs supplied. New bodies or heads. Every doll is treated individually with loving care.

## EASTERN ARTS - REPAIR DEPOT AND DOLL HOSPITAL

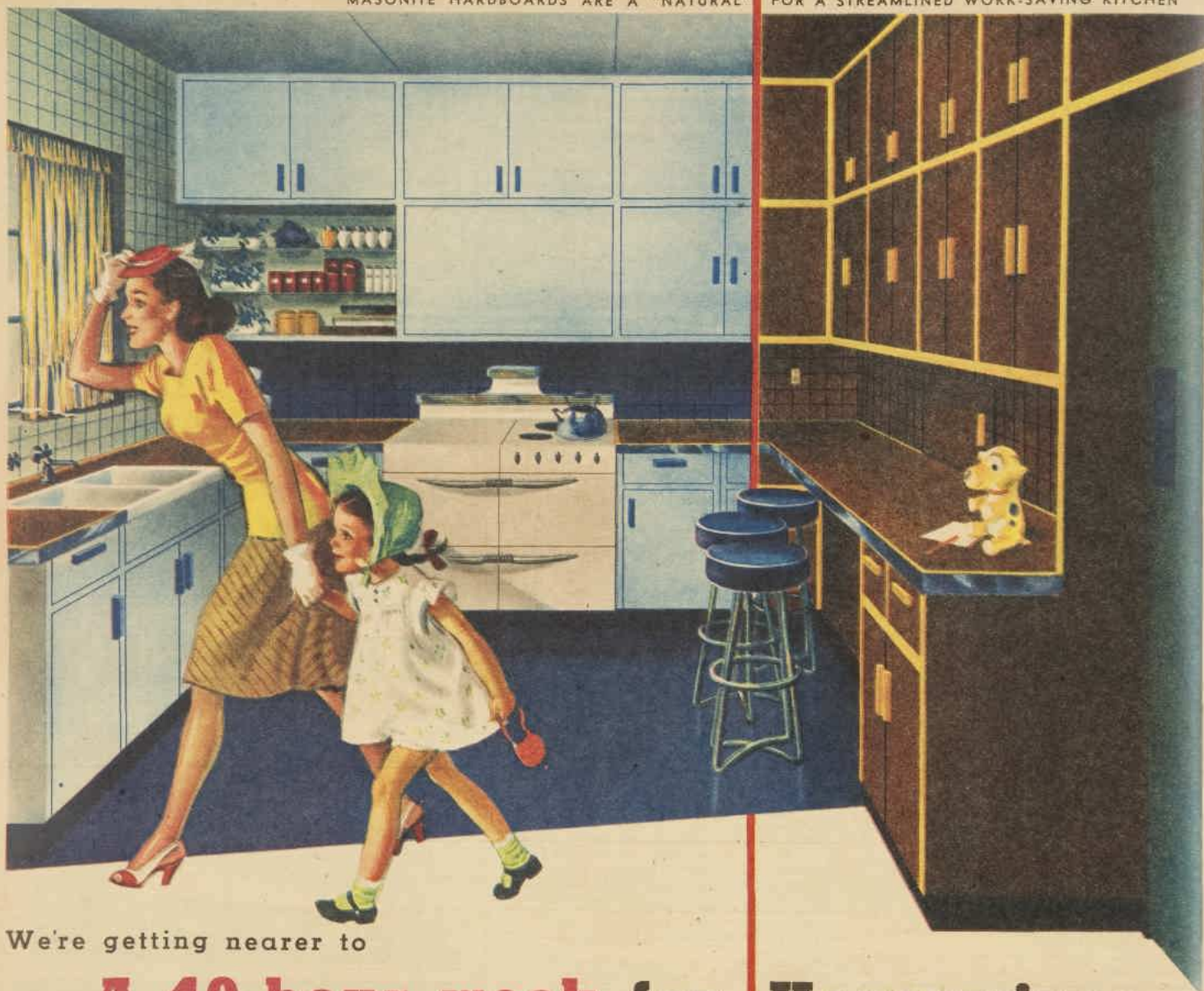
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*Painted or Unpainted*

MASONITE HARDBOARDS ARE A "NATURAL" FOR A STREAMLINED WORK-  
SAVING KITCHEN



We're getting nearer to

## A 40-hour week for Housewives

Amidst a chorus of demands for shorter working hours, the only voice hitherto inaudible is that of the housewife. But madame relies more upon practicality than politics. She knows that if she can streamline her kitchen, cut down her daily indoor itinerary, reduce the time now taken up by pacings to and fro, her working week will shrink without controversy or impassioned argument.

The one-word slogan in the housewife's shorter-week campaign is "Masonite"! With Masonite hardboards, her kitchen can be modernised, quickly and inexpensively, with a host of new step-saving, labour-saving conveniences and amenities. And, if her husband is in any way "handy with tools," he can do the job himself. Grainless, non-splintering, steel-strong Masonite boards are as versatile as they are easy to work. Think in Masonite — plan in Masonite — then modernise with Masonite, for, although Masonite is still in short supply, the time is not far distant when additional supplies will be available.

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# Easy to do easy to serve

HERE'S summer entertaining that's fun: Meals to prepare in advance and serve without formality, without fuss, without worry.

Choose whatever you can prepare most easily—then serve it buffet style with pride and confidence.

Ingredients for salads must, of course, be fresh—icy-cold and arranged on the platter so that they have that "untouched by hands" appearance.

It's not so much what you serve that counts—it's how you serve it and how it tastes.

The platter pictured on this page is very simple to prepare—it features shelled prawns, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes, thick mayonnaise in a lettuce cup, Russian salad, and celery curls.

The luscious cherry-topped sweet is simplicity itself—diced papaw drenched with lemon juice and passionfruit, then topped with whipped cream and fresh cherries.

One of the recipes on this page is for hot food—but hot or cold the dishes are easy to do, easy to serve, and suitable for buffet service.

## VEAL AND ORANGE SALAD

Three large oranges, 3 cups minced cooked veal, 1 cup cooked cubed potatoes, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 6 or 8 olives (if available), lettuce, celery curls, mayonnaise, paprika or chopped parsley.

Wash and dry oranges, cut in halves. Remove pulp, cut edges of cases into points. Dice half the orange pulp, combine with veal, potatoes, celery, onion, chopped hard-boiled eggs, and sliced olives. Toss lightly with a little mayonnaise. Fill into orange cases, chill thoroughly. Dust with paprika or

By . . .  
The Australian Women's Weekly  
Food and Cookery Experts

chopped parsley, serve on a bed of lettuce leaves, garnish with celery curls. Serve extra mayonnaise in a separate bowl. Serves six.

## LEMON CUSTARD CUPS

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup castor sugar, grated rind of 1 large lemon, 1 cup finely chopped walnuts, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, good pinch salt, 4 tablespoons lemon juice.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add lemon rind, walnuts, egg-yolks, and milk. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then lemon juice. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased custard cups or ramekins, filling each one 2/3 full. Stand in a dish of warm water and bake in a moderate oven, 325deg. F., 40 to 45 minutes. Chill thoroughly before serving topped with whipped cream and decorated with walnuts.

## CURRIED CHICKEN

Four cups diced cooked chicken, 3 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 finely diced green apple, 4 heaped dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 4 cups milk, 2 tablespoons finely minced raisins, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Melt margarine or butter, add onion and apple, brown lightly. Stir in flour, salt, and curry powder, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add milk, stir until boiling; add raisins, sugar, and diced chicken. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes to thoroughly heat chicken. Carefully fold in lemon juice.

● Dishes quick and easy, appetising and satisfying, chockful of minerals and vitamins . . . In fact, just the thing for summer luncheons or dinners.

turn into heated casserole. Keep hot until ready for serving, but do not allow to boil again after lemon juice has been added. Crisp Melba toast should be served with it. Serves five or six.

## MELBA TOAST

Cut day-old sandwich bread into very thin slices. Cut again to form triangles. Place on an oven tray and allow to become dry, crisp, and brown in a moderate oven, 325deg. F. The triangles curl and twist as they dry out.

Melba toast keeps well if stored in an airtight tin.

## JELLIED PIGS' FEET

Six pigs' feet (raw or bought ready cooked), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 lemon, 4 or 5 cloves, 4 peppercorns, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled red pepper, 2 tablespoons finely minced ham, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Wash pigs' feet and split in halves. Cover with water, add salt. Bring to boil, simmer 3 hours. (If pigs' feet are bought ready cooked omit this first 3 hours simmering.) Add sliced onion and lemon, garlic, cloves, and peppercorns; simmer 1 hour longer. Strain stock, reserving 1½ pints. Shred all meat from bones, mix with chopped red pepper, ham, parsley, and hard-boiled egg. Soften gelatine with ½ cup of the warmed stock, add balance of stock and lemon juice. Mix with meat mixture. Fill into individual size wetted moulds and chill until set. Unmould on to shredded lettuce; serve with salad snippets. Serves five or six.





## EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES *by Hesling*



### ОДИН НАРОД ОДНА ГОРЧИЦА (ONE PEOPLE, ONE MUSTARD!)

Don't worry, the Russian Sherlock Holmes pictured above is not after you! He is after your mustard.

He needs it for his smoked ham from Smolensk, his pork from Plovsk and his black fish from the Caspian Sea (or is it Caspian fish from the Black Sea?)

Your true Russian has

ever been a lover of KEEN'S MUSTARD and has lately bestowed upon it the highest title he can think of: *Tovarish (Comrade) Mustard.*



W.4.182

## BOVRIL the appetising flavour of beef...

There's infinite flavour and goodness—the special unmistakable goodness of prime lean beef—in every spoonful of Bovril. The war has changed many familiar things but the high quality of Bovril remains the same.

- Bovril in cooking helps to make the most of other good things and adds a tastiness there's no rivaling.
- Bovril sandwiches are simply delicious—and so quick and economical to make.



**BOVRIL for all-round enjoyment**

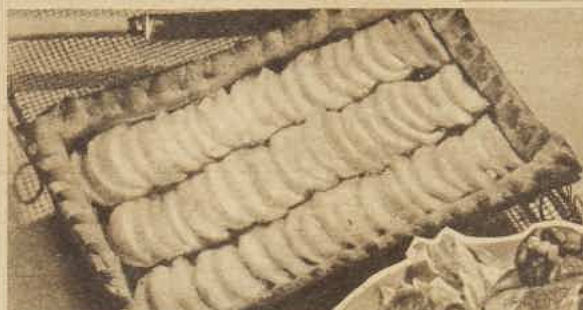
*Cream is again available!*

**NOW YOU CAN MAKE ICE CREAM AT HOME for 1/2 the cost**

**HANSEN'S Ice Cream MIX**

## HOME RECIPES ... win all the way

- Look over these appetising dishes — they win cash prizes for readers in this week's popular recipe contest.



USE A SLAB tin to make this apple and date flan. Spread pastry with dates simmered with lemon juice and water, top with thick apple slices simmered in syrup until soft. Bake 25 minutes in hot oven. Serve hot or cold.

**H**AVE you ever used mustard and white vinegar when making cheese biscuits? First prize this week goes to a Victorian reader for savory cheese biscuits.

So easy on the butter ration, too. They keep well in an airtight tin, and make a useful savory base.

Try the delicate flavor of mint combined with lemon—ideal as a refreshingly cool water-ice for mid-summer days... or thoroughly chilled (instead of being frozen firm) it makes a fine thirst-quencher—omitting the egg-white, of course.

### SAVORY CHEESE BISCUITS

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon white vinegar, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons water.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter. Add cheese, lemon rind, and breadcrumbs. Blend mustard with vinegar. Add water and beaten egg. Add to dry ingredients, making into a stiff dough. Roll and cut into small squares. Bake in moderate oven, 375deg. F., from 10 to 12 minutes. Store in an airtight tin when cold. Use as a base for savories; or serve unbuttered with any creamed food.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Ferris, Box 57, Drouin, Vic.

### SCALLOPED HAMBURGER

One pound minced steak, 1 egg, salt and pepper, pinch herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, onions, potatoes, milk.

Combine meat with beaten egg, breadcrumbs, and seasonings. Place

a layer on bottom of greased casserole dish. Add a layer of thinly sliced onions, then a layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes. Continue in this way till dish is full, finishing with a layer of meat. Pour milk over, top with a few slices of potato. Bake in moderate oven, 375deg. F., from 1 1/2 to 2 hours. May be cooked in small individual ramekin dishes and served garnished with peas, as pictured above.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Walker, "The Outlook," Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

### HAM SALAD MOUSSE

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chicken or meat stock, salt and pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 cups chopped cooked ham, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 cup finely diced celery, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 cup sweet pickle relish, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled capsicum (may be omitted).

Soak gelatine in milk for 5 minutes. Heat gradually, stirring over low heat till gelatine is dissolved. Add chicken stock and seasonings. Place aside, and when beginning to thicken add remaining ingredients, mixing well. Place in wetted moulds and place in refrigerator or ice-chest till set. Unmould on to lettuce leaves and garnish with curled celery and tomato wedges and slices of hard-boiled egg.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Davies, 15 Haig Crescent, Rumbury, W.A.



POTATO PASTRY makes a delicious casing for diced, cold meat of any kind, well-flavored and moistened with sauce or gravy. Serve piping hot with creamed potato and greens.



HAMBURGER STEAK cooked in small ramekin dishes, garnished with peas and parsley, and served piping hot with triangles of toast makes a very good luncheon dish.

**FINE SUMMER FARE.** Minced meat simmered 1 hour with seasonings, combined with gelatine and chilled in a ring mould. Centre filled with diced, cooked vegetables. Tomatoes stuffed with peas and diced cucumber to garnish.

### MARSHMALLOW ICE-CREAM TART

One 7in. pre-cooked pastry case, 1/2 dozen marshmallows, 2 tablespoons hot water, coloring, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, 1 tray home-made ice-cream, sliced peaches, strawberries or berries in season for garnishing.

Place marshmallows and water in saucepan and stir over heat till dissolved. Remove from heat. Beat till smooth and fluffy, adding coloring if desired. Allow to cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly, with pinch of salt. Add sugar, and continue beating till thick. Fold carefully into cold marshmallow mixture. Place ice-cream in pastry shell. Place sliced peaches on top; completely cover with marshmallow meringue, drawing meringue right over to meet edges of pastry. Place in hot oven (400deg. F.) for a few minutes until meringue is lightly browned. Remove tart from oven. Decorate with strawberries or other fruit in season and serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Crosskey, C/o Post Office, Marleton, S.A.

### LEMON MINT ICE

Half a pound sugar, 1 pint water, fresh mint, 1 dessertspoon lemon rind, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 egg-white.

Dissolve sugar in water over low heat. Increase heat and boil 8 to 10 minutes. Plunge bunch of fresh mint into boiling syrup and leave for a couple of minutes, then remove. Add lemon rind and juice to syrup. Cool. Place in trays in refrigerator and freeze to a mush. Turn back into basin, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, and freeze until firm. Serve in sherbet glasses garnished with mint leaves and a few strawberries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Mitchell, Ashby St., Fairfield S.S., Brisbane.

### CARROT AND PAPAW JAM

One papaw, 2 large carrots, 2 lemons, sugar.

Peel papaw, remove seeds, cut into small cubes. Grate carrots finely. Place in saucepan and cook until soft with the strained juice and grated rind of the lemons. Measure contents of saucepan. Add 1 cup sugar to 1 cup pulp and boil till it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot, and seal down when quite cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Dawson, 65 Ross St., Woolloomabga, Qld.



- and She can Cook too !



She plays a double role . . . charming hostess during pleasure hours—and practical housewife when it's a question of home management. In her home there's Gas, of course. Just a flick of the fingertip and Gas Automatic Control is simmering a dinner without guesswork or oven-peeping. Steaming Hot Water is instantly available at a turn of the tap. Tasty food delicacies are kept freezingly fresh in a silent trouble-free Gas Refrigerator. And when the weather calls for cosiness, the built-in Gas Fire turns on healthful warmth—inviting relaxation and comfort. Make inquiries at your Gas Company Showroom.



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In the very centre of the city, next to the Town Hall, close to shops and theatres, and trams to take you to any part of Melbourne, you will find quiet and comfort at "The Victoria", one of Australia's great hotels. But remember, if you plan to stay at "The Victoria", you must book well ahead, enclosing a deposit with your booking.

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**New**

... excitingly different idea in deodorants. Ask for the new Super-fast Odo-ro-do Cream deodorant — Stops perspiration troubles faster. Works better because it contains Science's most effective perspiration stopper.

It acts instantly, safely, and gives lasting protection up to 3 days. It will not irritate your skin... or harm fabrics... or turn gritty in the jar... It's the best! Use Odo-ro-do Cream!

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CREAM

ASK FOR THE LARGE JAR AND ECONOMIZE

**To BLONDES...**

a special message

**Never let BLONDE HAIR darken**

When blonde hair darkens, all of your outstanding charm and distinctive personality fades. Gone is that lustrous fair loveliness. You become 'one of the crowd.' Never let blonde hair darken. You can keep it fair always with Stablond

Shampoo. And if it has darkened, Stablond will bring back that lost golden beauty and you will recapture that extra fascination and allure. For Stablond is made specially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail. Stablond contains no dyes or injurious bleaches. And is not a luxury but a necessity and an economy for natural blonde hair.

**STA-BLOND**  
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO



ENCHANTING lacy ornament made from gilded studs sold as dress trimmings. Simply attach studs to velvet, catch ends to pretty bow; sew safety-pin to back.



SMART, gleaming belt. Buy a piece of corded ribbon to fit your waist and attach rows of gilded studs as shown above. Finish belt with clasp or bow.



CHAIN-MAIL epaulets give dash and air of importance to a simple dark dress. Attach gilded studs as shown; simply remove when dress needs cleaning.

## TINEA... insidious and difficult to cure

By MEDICO

"YOU have picked up an infection known as 'tinea,' young lady," I said to Mary Graham when she showed me her foot this morning. "You may have heard it described as 'surfers' itch' or 'surfers' foot.' It was introduced to Australia from the East, and also from America, where it is a national problem.

"And you think I picked it up through swimming and surfing, do you, doctor?"

"It seems likely, Miss Graham. The infection is due to a fungus, and it flourishes in wet places, like the wet wooden floors and matting in public baths and bathing-sheds."

"How can it be avoided?"

"By taking care not to walk barefoot in such places. If you must go into a bathing-pavilion, keep your sandals on all the time—even when you are under the shower. And if you are staying at a seaside hotel you should be careful not to put your bare feet on the floor—not even in your bedroom or the bathroom."

"These precautions may sound rather a nuisance, but they are well worth while if they ward off an infection which is as difficult to cure as this one."

"Why is it so difficult to cure, doctor?"

"Because it is so very hard to get rid of all the 'spores'—or seeds—of the fungus, Miss Graham."

"What can I do about it, doctor?"

"There are several treatments, but the simplest is to apply methylated spirit between the toes twice daily. The routine is to dry the feet thoroughly with the towel, especially between the toes and the base of the toenails. Then wipe between the toes with methylated spirit, using a clean swab of cotton-wool each time. Leave the spirit on the feet for ten minutes, and then dust between the toes with talc powder."

"I had been using an antiseptic lotion on my toes, but that only seemed to make the trouble worse."

"That's a common story," I said. "Antiseptics have very little effect on fungus infections. Most antiseptics are too irritating to use on the soft skin between the toes."

"My trouble seems worse when my feet get hot."

"Moisture will always encourage the growth of fungus. That is why sandals or open-fronted shoes are a good idea. It is also a help to wear short socks of cotton, which can be boiled each washing day. Unless socks are boiled, they tend to re-infect the feet."

"How long should I keep up the treatment?"

"For three months, even though it seems cured. But make it a life-long habit to dry thoroughly between the toes after the bath and to dust with talc powder. You can buy talc by the pound at the chemist's."



OLD WHITE plates or meal dishes can be transformed with brush and quick-drying lacquer, enamel, or poster colors. Rinse in hot water to remove all traces of grease from hands and plate. Paint on this easy design (or any other fancied design) thickly in poster colors. When dry, cover the plate with light spirit varnish if poster colors are used.

## CAUSES OF DIGESTIVE UPSETS

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THIS season of the year is responsible for many digestive upsets in babies and little children. Any overfeeding with either too much food or too rich a food—or irregular feeding—will soon produce vomiting and other digestive troubles.

As well as wrong feeding and wrong methods of feeding, overstimulation is a very widespread cause of vomiting... The fact that the nervous and digestive systems are so closely interwoven is not sufficiently recognised.

A leaflet dealing with the causes and effects of these can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

**CHAFING**

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder.

**Cuticura OINTMENT**

## GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll feel the moist heat go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll see how it helps bring the boil to a head. The moist heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good, does good.

GET A TIN FROM  
YOUR CHEMIST  
OR STORE.



FOR BOILS—  
**Antiphlogistine**

## SUFFERERS FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

should give "VANIX" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

## "VANIX"

Is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly de-vitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (posted 6/35) from Haddam's Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Neth.; Swift's Pharmacy, 276 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 226 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.





**GILT AND GLAMOR.** A dozen gilded studs plus a nifty velvet bow make a pair of ear-rings. Attach studs to narrow strip of velvet and bow. So cute!

### Fascinating ways with gilt studs

**ALL** the bigger shops are selling gilded brass studs for dress and coat decoration.

You can buy the small ones for less than one shilling per dozen. Others, size and more, of course. Small studs were used to make the glancing down.

Try one or more out for yourself.

Not only fun, but any one of these will give a dramatic touch to the simplest dark 'rock' and add to your allure.



**NECKLET** and bracelet to match. Attach gilded studs to narrow strip of chain for bracelet and clip over band. Studs may be used to hold band with line at back, making chain only in front part.

## What to sow and plant . . . now

**O**F the many flowers I've grown, few excite more admiration, year after year, than my collection of daffodils.

And there are none which, year in and year out, require less attention—a fact that is always surprising to the uninitiated.

Why is it then that one finds so few gardens in which daffodils are given a chance to add their cheer to the spring picture—to say nothing of the armfuls of gold they so gladly spill across the landscape?

And now that February is here, and some regard it as the first month of autumn, we can set daffodil and other narcissi bulbs out in the special beds and borders reserved for them.



**KING ALFRED** daffodils are tall, bright, and beautiful. Bulbs can be sown now for spring flowering.

They will thrive in any soil, from quite light, sandy, to heavier soils, and even as regards drainage are much less particular than most other bulbs.

And they are not very particular as to aspect, for they will flower anywhere in Australia, from the N.S.W. north coast to Tasmania, and the higher you go the better they bloom. The only thing they object to is heat and dryness when they flower—which accounts for their objection to our sub-tropical regions.

For best results with daffodils, jonquils, and similar bulbous flowers, set the bulbs four to five inches deep in good soil of light to medium texture in an open, sunny, but well protected position.

Hyacinths, too, provide considerable color and fragrance over a long period.

They require gritty soil containing a fair amount of fibre or humus, are lime-lovers, and need a fair quantity of nitrogen in their ration for best results. Blood-and-bone is much used by growers for fattening up the stems and swelling the bells.

Other bulbs that may be planted in February are tulips, ixias, irises, freesias, anemones, ranunculi, bahianas, brunsvigas, crocuses, crysanthus, chionodoxas, hippeastrums, hypoxis, lachenalias, grape hyacinths, sparaxis, snowflakes, and watsonias.

Sow seeds of innias, primulas, sweet peas, stocks, Iceland poppies, clarkias, amaranthus, cosmos, French and African marigolds, calendulas, carnations, dianthus, phlox, pansies, cinerarias, primroses, polyanthus, calceolarias, cyclamen, most perennials, biennials.

Sow the following vegetable seeds this month: Beans, beets, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, carrot, cress, endive, kohlrabi, leek, lettuce, onion (early varieties), parsnip, potatoes, radish, rhubarb (roots), sweet corn, spinach, and shallots.—Our Home Gardener.

The perfume to wear and remember



**7777 PERFUME**  
EAU DE COLOGNE. LAVENDER

A GILVO PERFUMERY PRODUCT



## Girl tells man in love

"My dear," he smiled, "when I see you like, something beautiful, the world is right over."

"What was it?"

"My heart."

"Oh," she laughed, "you're in love with me." "A SURPRISE!"

"I am, indeed," he said softly. "But I didn't say so until—"

When **CREME CHARMOSAN** brought youth into his smile—the he—she forgot the years. And remembered only the lightning eyes of men that needed to say: "O, SUCH a pretty girl."

To charm youth back into your skin, to chase the years to make you a really woman again, **CREME CHARMOSAN** has that gifted touch.

## CREME CHARMOSAN

Greaseless. Beautiful under powder. A charm for sunburn—the outdoor woman's greatest gift. Big jars, 2/6. Tubes 1/-. At all chemists and stores.

## Emphasise Your Loveliness

WITH A MADE TO YOUR MEASURE FOUNDATION

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THE PERSONALISED FOUNDATION

No dress garment this . . . it's real, very real . . . the foundation that will emphasize the loveliness of your figure . . . the comfortable way . . . the way that thousands of women all over Australia have found beauty.

Order now and in **fourteen short days** you, too, may enjoy the perfect freedom and comfort of a Surco Foundation. Cunningly designed and individually tailored to your own particular requirements and wishes . . . a Foundation that will at last give you perfect Comfort, Control and Freedom.

If you live in, or are visiting Sydney, call at our fashionable salons at telephone MA 9425 for friendly, personal service or you may order by mail with complete confidence—you will receive the same cunningly designed foundation whether you "shop" by mail or call personally.



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"Shelltox makes a 'dead cert' of flies.  
Spray 'em and Slay 'em with

# SHELLTOX

and sweep 'em up dead!"



So Little Miss Muffet did, and was never afraid of  
creepy-crawlies again, BECAUSE:

The very first time you use Shelltox you can see it's a wonderful spray by  
all the dead flies you sweep up. And it's just as good for all other insects  
that fly or crawl. For Shelltox contains the most effective blend of *pyrethrum*  
and *D.D.T.* ever known. The *pyrethrum* in Shelltox brings them down in  
a twinkling and the *D.D.T.* kills them dead.

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# Fashion PATTERNS



F4539.—Perky little blouse which will prove a charming accompaniment for your suits and skirts. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4539

F4541

F4542

F4540.—Here is dreamed-up enchantment for your nightwear. The lovely set comprises nightgown, slip, and scanties. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. 36in. lace for gown; 2yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. lace for slip; 1yd. 36in. wide and 1yd. lace for scanties. Pattern, 2/8.

F4543

F4544

F4541.—Trimly tailored suit to wear in almost any weather. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4542.—This lovely informal dinner frock will be tops at the next big occasion. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide, 1yd. contrast. Pattern 1/8.

F4543.—Appropriate summer frock for wearing at day-long occasions. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4544.—Suitable for any occasion whatsoever, this lovely frock is graced by a wide, swinging, billowy skirt. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide plain, 1yds. 36in. wide striped material. Pattern, 1/8.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns can be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail write to address given on Page 33.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 8, 1947



## two seconds

Within two seconds after hitting it, a champion batsman can rocket a cricket ball through space at upwards of 95.5 m.p.h.



MAKE THIS GLASS OF WATER TEST YOURSELF

By dropping a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water, you can see why it gives such quick relief from Headache. For what it does in the water, it does when you swallow it: starts to disintegrate within two seconds—begins to work almost instantly!

Within two seconds after you take it for Headaches, Bayer's Aspirin actually goes to work to bring you

## fast pain relief!



The astonishing 2-second speed of Bayer's Aspirin comes from THREE important steps—not just ONE!

1. The aspirin powder is tested and compressed into "giant" tablets, 8 times larger than normal.
2. These "giants" are crushed back to powder, sifted through an exceedingly fine screen.
3. Then this fine aspirin powder is compressed

into the Bayer's Aspirin Tablets you know so well.

These three steps ensure the 2-seconds disintegration which brings you such quick relief from Headache. If pain persists, see your doctor. He alone should advise you about persistent pain.

ALWAYS  
& IV

## Bayer's Aspirin

24 for 1/3 . . . 100 for 4/-

TABLETS 3773

## SEE THAT AIR-STRIP?

... it lets the air in, but keeps the dirt out

Insist on 'Handyplast,' the first-aid dressing with an air-strip. It lets the air filter through to the wound and at the same time protects it from germs and dirt. More rapid healing results when you apply 'Handyplast.'



## HANDYPLAST

ELASTIC WOUND AIR STRIP DRESSING

HERTS PHARMACEUTICALS LIMITED

WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS., ENGLAND  
Distributing Agents: Messrs. MARTIN & CO. (Surgical) LTD.  
Corner of Hunter and Philip Streets, Sydney





## Enjoy this hearty *Whole Wheat* breakfast *Tomorrow!*

FOR firm-muscled health and top-o'-the-morning energy, there is nothing to equal a hearty whole wheat breakfast—so start serving WEETBIX Breakfast Biscuits in your home tomorrow! Made from the freshly harvested grain... perfectly cooked... and sweetened with malt and sugar... they're rich in everything that makes whole wheat such a wonderful food for young and old. And because they are *now* forti-

fied with added Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, you lose little of the natural goodness of the whole grain when you serve Weetbix on your table. Try them with milk and sugar... crumbled and sprinkled on stewed fruits... or split and buttered instead of toast (they're just as crisp but twice as nourishing!) From all grocers.



### FOOD FACTS...

Whole wheat is a rich source of essential food elements including PROTEINS for growth, CARBOHYDRATES for energy, MINERAL SALTS for rich red blood, and BRAN for "bulk" or roughage. And WEETBIX, because it is a 100% whole wheat product, provides these food factors in abundance making them the ideal breakfast biscuit for hardworking husbands and rapidly growing children.

**Weet-Bix**  
**VITAMIN FORTIFIED**  
**BREAKFAST BISCUITS**

THE SANITARIUM  
HEALTH FOOD CO.